# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The re-election of Mayor Clarke by a rousing majority is creditable to the good sense and discrimination of the electors of Toronto. The trivial and irrelevant issues raised by his antagonists, especially the nonsensical "Third Term" cry, were in reality the very best certificate that the Mayor could have had in the eyes of all intelligent people as to the success of his two years' administration. It speaks volumes in favor of any public official when the worst thing that his opponents can find to say against him is that he has held office long enough and ought in fairness to step aside and let some other fellow have a chance. This argument, if such it can be called, is based upon an entirely wrong view of public office—as though positions in politics and civic life were created, not to be filled with an eye to the public benefit, but simply as snug berths for ambitious wire-pullers. It is the hog-trough view of politics. The offices do not exist for the benefit of pushing men with so-called "claims," well or ill-founded as the case may be, and the sole question that ought to be considered is not whether this or that prominent person has had his slice of the public pudding, but who can serve the people best. In deciding to give Mayor Clarke another term the electors did not so much reward him for faithful and efficient service as protect their own interests by securing its continuance. The absurdity of the third term cry in municipal matters was well exposed by Prof. Goldwin Smith when he pointed out that it was an importation from the States which by application to totally different conditions loses whatever significance it may originally have possessed. If public feeling in the States had not been aroused by the proposal to give Gen. Grant twelve consecutive years of office, the objection to Mayor Clarke's re-election for a third year would never have been thought of. In our municipal contests "third term" is a mere meaningless phrase and that it ever should have had any weight even as a campaign catchword shows how men are oft-times led by phrases without stopping to inquire whether they really mean anything. The only force the original American third term cry had, lay in the fear that a president of military antecedents, with the army and navy under his control, might, if continued in power too long, be tempted to proclaim himself Dictator. The utmost stretch of over-heated partisan imagination can hardly conjure up a municipal dictatorship as a phantom of the future even should the citizens elect the same mayor half a dozen times in succession. The common-sense view of the matter is, when you have got a good man re-elect him just as often as he can be induced to take the position.

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It would hardly be correct to say that the *Telegram* elected Mayor Clarke. It is not to be credited with so much, even of negative influence. But certainly the venomous scurrility of its assaults upon him did a great deal to increase his majority. Its malignity entirely overshot the mark. It is folly to say that misrepresentation and abuse never injure the man at whom they are aimed—that "no man was ever written down but by himself." Good men and true servants of the people have been written down and hounded to their graves by spiteful and anonymous assailants. But the kind of abuse which is deadly and effective is that in which the virulence of the partisan is masked under a show of seeming candor and fairness—not the frantic frothings at the mouth and incoherent ravings of a writer so frenzied by passion as to lose all sense of decency and consistency. Now the public, though often misled and carried away by appeals to their prejudices, are at bottom fair-minded. They like fair play and when they realize that a public man is being wantonly and unreasonably attacked, the result is invariably to beget a feeling of sympathy for him. When, for instance, they saw the *Telegram* in one column publishing a bitter diatribe against Mayor Clarke based on the supposition that he would get the solid Roman Catholic vote and read in the next column garbled extracts from the *Orange Sentinel* advocating the erection of a statue to King William, credited to the Mayor with the design of stirring up the Catholics against him, the animus of the onslaught was so apparent on the face of it, that it had an altogether opposite effect from that intended. When the *Globe* to the surprise of many who were not acquainted with its ulterior motives came out in support of Mayor Clarke the fear was frequently expressed by his well-wishers in a half-jocular, half-serious vein that he might be "hoodooed," as the sporting fraternity have it, by the malign influence of a paper the favor of which has always in municipal politics been a sinister omen. But for once the *Globe* has broken the record is no doubt due, in great measure, to the violent rancor of the *Telegram* combined with the ill-advised course of the *Mail* in dragging the Equal Rights question into the contest. If, as has been frequently said since the election, Mayor Clarke's return is a deadly blow at the cause of Equal Rights in its very stronghold, the fault lies with those fool friends of Ald. McMillan who persistently obtruded into the contest an issue utterly irrelevant to civic matters which need not and ought not to have been brought forward.

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Those who profess to be "in the know" assert—and there seems no improbability in their forecast—that Mayor Clarke is the foreordained choice of the Conservative party for the representation of East Toronto at Ottawa at the next election. There is no telling of course what turn things may take, but judging by the existing situation it is difficult to see where they could get a stronger man. Not that it is necessary to select a particularly strong man for the mere purpose of carrying East Toronto—the traditional yellow dog if he wore the party badge around his neck would have little trouble in doing that, but Mayor Clarke's accession to the Conservative ranks at Ottawa would add needed strength to the Ontario contingent which numbers few men of ability in its ranks. Ontario is altogether overweighted in influence by Quebec and the Eastern Provinces. If Mayor Clarke were returned to the Dominion Parliament as a representative of one of the Torontos he would not be long out of the ministry, as his conduct during his occupancy of the civic chair has shown he possesses rare tact and judgment, and not a little of the *finesse* of the shrewd politician. Considered as a "Coming Man" who is there in the ranks of public life to day on the same side of politics who has shown more of the kind of astuteness, keen political strategy and capacity for manipulating men and "sizing up" political forces which have enabled Sir John A. Macdonald to hold his position so long, than Edward F. Clarke? Unless some great political revulsion is at hand, such as will upset all calculations based on present political aspects, there is a great future ahead of him.

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The Separate School trustee elections were signalized by the utter rout of the ballot advocates, owing to direct clerical interference of a character such as in Quebec has been considered good ground for voiding parliamentary elections. Nevertheless Premier Mowat will doubtless put forward this result as evidence that the Separate School supporters do not want the ballot. To the mind of every genuine Liberal it is rather the strongest proof that could be given that the ballot ought to be extended to the Separate as well as the Public School system. The fact that in spite of priestly dictation so comparatively large a number had the courage to go openly to the polls and vote for the ballot candidates shows that there is here the nucleus of a Liberal Catholic party within the church. It has often been noted with surprise that while in European countries where the population is wholly or overwhelmingly Catholic, such as France, Italy and Belgium, the prevailing sentiment is opposed to priestly interference in public matters, in Canada and Ireland there is little or no such progressive and outspoken Liberalism among the Catholic masses. The leaven of surrounding Protestant opinion instead of strengthening opposition to clerical rule seems to work the other way. This is not so strange or inexplicable as it might at first sight appear. Unfortunately too many Protestants are bigots who, not content with opposing the ecclesiastical system of Rome, cherish a fanatical hatred of Catholics as individuals. The Catholic born and bred in a Protestant community too often finds himself the object of intolerance and persecution solely on account of his creed. Even if the sentiment does not take any active form he is somehow made to feel that he is regarded by many at least as an alien—that he is not looked upon in the same light as a Protestant. If he is a capable man and ambitious of public office he often finds that his faith is an all but insuperable bar to advancement. He continually hears mean and insulting things said of his religion and of its adherents. Now all this wretched and contemptible fanaticism—unworthy of any enlightened people—naturally tends to draw the objects of suspicion and hatred closer together for protection and mutual support and to strengthen immensely the ties which unite the average Catholic to his church and priesthood. With men so situated—taunted and ostracized on account of their creed—it naturally becomes a point of honor to stand by the old faith, even in its extremest form. It is human nature. There are doubtless in Canada to-day tens of thousands of Catholics who have at heart little or no real faith in priestly pretensions, whose natural instincts would be to oppose the overweening assumption of cardinals and archbishops to dictate in temporal matters—men who if they lived in France or Italy would be strong anti-clericals. But the outside pressure of Protestant fanaticism strengthens the hands of ecclesiasticism and prevents anything like a strong Liberal movement from making headway. It is one of the very worst effects of the so-called Equal Rights movement that the attitude of the extremists who were quick to attach themselves to it is thus perpetuating and fortifying the very evil it was meant to destroy. But fanatics are always short-sighted. If all Protestants would only treat Catholics, as individuals, justly and fairly, and refrain from bitter and virulent denunciation of their creed, the anti-clerical feeling which would grow up among Catholics themselves would very soon make Equal Rights agitations unnecessary.

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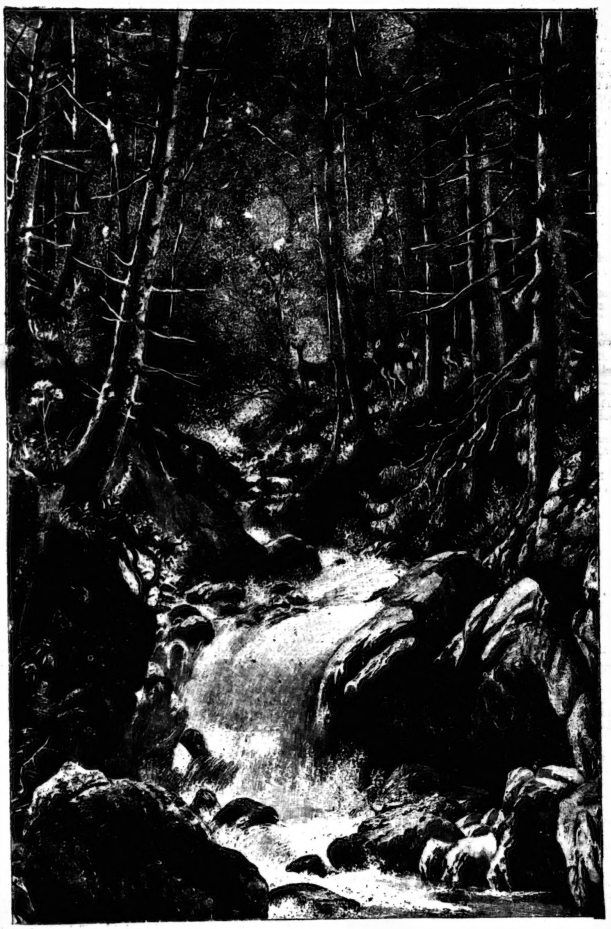

IN THE COOL WOODLAND.

*See page 6.*

The O'Shea scandal has, of course, been a fruitful topic of discussion in Irish circles. It is hardly likely that this affair will materially injure Mr. Parnell's position, whether it be true or false. It is a nasty accusation of course, but the British people have always been inclined to judge their public men leniently in the matter of similar social lapses, except in specially flagrant cases involving some more serious breach of honor than has been charged against the Irish leader. A similar accusation brought against Lord Palmerston, when in his eightieth year, didn't in the least affect the jaunty old premier's popularity. As has been more than hinted by the cable, the present cabinet is far from invulnerable on the same score, and if recriminations are to be the order of the day, it is well known that the English aristocracy—Unionists almost to a man—are by no means renowned for their practice of the domestic virtues. It seems to be taken for granted by some—and no doubt the scandal was exploited under this impression—that the Irish leader will, if convicted, lose the confidence of the Irish people, and especially of the priests who so praiseworthily uphold the sanctity of the marriage tie. Not a bit of it. Look at Dan O'Connell, who was notoriously a loose liver, but never forfeited his place in the hearts of his countrymen on that account. In the first place the sting has been taken out of the accusation by the poltroonery of the creature O'Shea, who if not a willing accessory from the outset at all events accepted a seat in Parliament as the price of his shame, and was only egged on to vindicate his injured honor, by the Unionist managers, chagrined over the utter breakdown of their forged letter plot. Then, again, after the exposure of that conspiracy and the suicide of Piggott, it will be almost impossible to convince Parnell's followers that the O'Shea business is not also a put up job. Habitual liars are not believed even when they do tell the truth, and the Unionists have been lying about Parnell so long that any accusation they now bring is discounted from the start. As to the effect on the democracy in England, who have not the same implicit faith in Parnell as the Irish, it is difficult to say what the result of a clear bringing home of the charge might be. But it must not be overlooked that the lady in the case is of middle age and of aristocratic connections. It is at least a mitigation of the alleged offence that Parnell did not take advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of some friendless daughter of the people, and probably in view of the unusually strained relations between the classes and the masses Parnell's alleged dirigations will not appear in the eyes of the British workman a more heinous offence than the "pleasant vices" of the nobility, in which the poor are usually the victims, do to the ruling class.

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"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage" will be the general verdict on Baron Tennyson's latest poetical utterances. They are certainly an improvement on some of the stuff he has penned of late years, but that is the best that can be said for them. Why will men, who in their best years have written poems that will be immortal so long as the language endures, continue to mine a worked-out vein and fail to realize what all the world except themselves is aware of, that they are no longer capable of first-class work? What a strange irony of fate it is that at the time when their powers are at their best poets should have to struggle for a scanty and grudgingly accorded recognition—while long years afterward, in their decadence, their most trifling productions are eagerly competed for by magazine publishers at prices that sound fabulous! It would have been better for the reputation of the author of In Memoriam and Locksley Hall if he had permanently laid down his pen twenty years ago, rather than go on producing such verse as, if penned by an unknown writer, would be pronounced "melodious" or "creditable," or "full of promise." The aged Whittier set an excellent example the other day in refusing the offer of $2,000 made him by an enterprising publisher for a short poem. But he stands well-nigh alone among writers in this respect. With most literary workers who have passed their prime it is the old story over again of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Seville. The gentlest hint that they are not quite what they used to be, instead of inducing them to take stock of their mental capacities, merely leads them to doubt the judgment of the critic. "All men think all men mortal but themselves," and in like manner all are keenly alive to the setting in of the s'age of senility in others while convinced that they themselves are as young as ever.

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The Ontario Legislature will open very shortly "for the transaction of business"—which means no doubt as usual that no business of any account will be transacted before two or three weeks have been frittered away in short sittings. It must fairly be admitted, however, that of late years there has been a considerable improvement in this regard, though there is yet room for more. Political probabilities indicate a short but uncommonly lively session with the school question as the main topic of discussion. Everything of course will be said and done with a view to influencing the election contest that must shortly follow the rising of the House. The question which all interested in politics are eagerly asking is: How has Mr. Meredith's definition of his position on educational matters affected his chances of ousting Premier Mowat? Is he any nearer "getting there" than he has been during the last ten years? It doesn't look like it. There is no doubt that the agitation over Separate Schools and the French language has somewhat scared Mr. Mowat, but then Mr. Mowat is pretty easily scared. At one time—to those who, carried away by a wave of temporary enthusiasm, forgot to allow for the power of the party machines, it did look as though the Equal Rights movement was going to make things serious for both Sir John and Mr. Mowat. But matters are rapidly settling back into the old grooves. Mr. Meredith has gone far enough to alienate such Catholics as still supported his party in local matters, but not far enough to repair the loss by winning recruits. There is no reason to suppose that any appreciable number of Liberals will cut loose from their party to follow Mr. Meredith. Such as, at one time, showed a disposition to do so have long since taken the alarm at the evident purpose of the Conservative element of the Equal

Rights body to use the agitation as a means of overthrowing Mowat while leaving Sir John in power. The fact that the Liberal section of the movement would like to reverse these tactics and concentrate the wrath of aroused Protestantism on the head of the Dominion Premier does not diminish the force of the argument. No doubt there are large numbers of both political persuasions in the Equal Rights camp who disapprove of such duplicity and would like nothing better than to smash both machines. But the evident partisan animus of the men who are Equal Righters for Ontario only and the staunchest Conservatives in Dominion politics—iterated and reiterated and rubbed in as it will be by every campaign speaker and newspaper, will stampede such Liberal Equal Rights men as remain back to the old lines. Mr. Meredith ought long since to have severed his fatal connection with Ottawa Conservatism as the first and essential step to gaining the confidence of the people of this province. Had he done this, and laid down a bold and well-defined policy on provincial issues without caring whether the Dominion Government was helped or hurt by it, he would have stood a far better chance than he now does of filling the Little Premier's shoes.

## Social and Personal.

The first ten days of a new decade have been sufficiently gay. The brilliant theater parties of last week have this week made their re-appearance on a smaller scale to do honor to Little Lord Fauntleroy. At its very birth the year was greeted by a large concourse of society's most brilliant members, who had been assembled at Rohallion for this very purpose. Eighteen hundred and ninety was but a day old, and was weeping copiously as any other spoilt baby, when numbers of diners-out met almost at the scene of their last night's revels and danced as if the latter had never been. On Friday night society, indefatigable, was chiefly in Murray street at another large ball. On Saturday afternoon, At Homes were numerous, and there was a large adjournment of those who had been seeing the last of The Ironmaster to one or other of them. In the evening The Queen's Shilling drew a most brilliant audience who grieved only that the Chicago train robbed them of the anticipated speech from Mr. Kendal. On Sunday teas and supper parties were more numerous and more largely attended than usual, while this week there has been a plethora of dinners large and small, magnificent and simple, convivial and solemn.

I must not omit to record, before the memory of it has faded, the very pleasing and appropriate means which Colonel Sweny took of introducing the New Year to his guests last week. At midnight the hour was melodiously chimed on a set of Chinese gongs. Colonel Sweny then wished his friends the happiest of New Years, two or three rounds of cheers were given, hands were joined, and Auld Lang Syne was sung with rare enthusiasm and *aplomb*.

Miss Forbes-Robertson of the Kendal Company was staying last week with Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins on Bloor street. In honor of her guest Miss Hodgins gave a small At Home on Friday at which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were expected, but were prevented, by the sufferings of the latter, from attending. Nobody who saw Mrs. Kendal act would imagine that she is a martyr to neuralgia, but such is lamentably the case. Miss Vanbrugh, a lady whose record on the London stage is of the best and who has make many friends in Toronto, was present. Miss Robertson has but lately begun her career on the boards, she is a sister of the well known artist and actor who played with Irving at the Lyceum for some years, and whose painting of the Trial Scene from the Lyceum Merchant of Venice made so great a success at the Academy at the time of its exhibition there.

On Thursday of last week it seemed that this was the night of the Kendal engagement on which society had especially elected to be present, and this being so, boxes and orchestra stalls looked as well as is their wont at a gala performance. During the first act the stir and rustle of those theater-goers who are always persistently late must have been as galling to the interpreters of the drama as it was to that portion of the audience who had arrived in proper time. For the first time, unless I am mistaken, during his residence, Sir Alexander Campbell occupied the Government House box, while with him were Miss Majorie Campbell, whose dress of maize-colored crepe was especially becoming, Miss Strange of Kingston and Mr. Harcourt Vernon. In another box were Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble, the Misses Todd, Mr. Pauw and Mr. Goldingham, while a few others of the brilliant audience were Col., Mrs. and the Messrs. Sweny, Mr. Cronyn, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, the Messrs. May, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Hon. Donald and Miss McInnis, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Miss Small, the Messrs. Small, Miss Burton, Miss McCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. Spragg, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Watson, Mrs. Heineman, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, Miss Alice Allen.

On Saturday night another very smart audience greeted the Kendals at their farewell performance. The unpunctual nuisance was even more marked than on Thursday, so that people are freely discussing the advisability of adopting the Continental custom, by which nobody is allowed to take his seat after an act has once begun. In a stage box were Miss Hodgins, Miss Newburgh, Miss Forbes-Robertson, and Mr. Cronyn, while elsewhere I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. J. Small, Mr. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, the Misses Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Spratt, Mr. Sydney Small, Miss Mackenzie, Miss F. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mr. Edwin Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. Alfred Brown, the Misses Jones, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Dunton.

Mr. Dickson Patterson of Ottawa was in town last week. Mr. Patterson has established one studio in Ottawa, and another in Montreal, and between the two places, is said to have his hands full of orders for portraits.

Miss Grace Armour of Cobourg was well-known in Toronto society, as are her sisters and her father, Mr. Justice Armour. A considerable number of people went last week to Cobourg to be present at the marriage of the above lady to Mr. Stewart Gordon of Portland, Oregon.

Rev. Mr. Harcourt Vernon, father of the popular secretary at Government House, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels on Wellesley place. Hardly a year passes without Mr. Harcourt Vernon crossing the Atlantic in order to visit Toronto, so that the news that he is at present seriously ill will be received with great regret.

There seems to be no doubt that *la grippe* is no longer a matter of fancy here. The ranks of society are so decimated with this fashionable scourge as to make it impossible for me to find room to enumerate its victims.

The effects of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's fall are more serious than was supposed at first. Mrs. Nordheimer is still confined to her room.

Mr. Arthur Level of Portsmouth, England, is staying with friends in town.

Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Yarker on Beverley street.

Miss Alice Murray of Carlton street has returned to town after a residence of more than two years in Europe.

A large circle of his friends in Toronto have heard with great regret of the dangerous illness of Mr. Walter Ridout of Cobourg.

The railway companies owe something to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. On Friday night a large party came to town from Brantford to see them, and on Saturday evening Woodstock was considerably represented at the Grand. On almost every night Hamilton faces could be seen amongst the audience.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson's large dinner party, on New Year's day, included Hon. Donald McInnis and Miss McInnis of Dundurn, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. W. Macpherson of Quebec, Miss Ziemonett, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Reginald Thomas of Paris, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. Tait, Miss Langmuir, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, Mr. Molson, Miss Molson of Montreal, Mr. Laurie, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. Gamble and Mrs. Geddes.

Miss Parsons of the Queen's Park has gone to New York for a visit.

Miss Osler of Baltimore, formerly of College avenue, Toronto, is in town.

The bachelors of Tintagel, McCaul street, are likely to be once more to the fore. These gentlemen are talking of a dance to take place before the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Crozier of Inverness, Scotland, were in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Crozier have gone south to finish the winter in Florida.

Mr. McLennan of Tintagel has returned from a visit to Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Eastwood has been visiting some of her many friends in town. Mrs. Patteson returned to Eastwood last week, and among others on Sunday last, entertained Mr. Frank Darling and Mr. Tait of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Osborne were in town last week. In a small but thriving western town Mrs. Osborne's entertainments are events of great note, and her experience at one at least of the recent balls in Toronto will doubtless have given her fresh hints for these undertakings in the future.

The Misses Beattie of the Queen's Park have returned to town from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson of Quebec, who have been staying at Chestnut Park, left town this week to return to Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson sail shortly for a short visit to England.

It is announced that the second annual assembly in aid of the Infants' Home is to be held in the Academy of Music on Thursday, January 23, which affair promises to be a brilliant social success. The arrangements have been completed, and already a large number of tickets have been applied for. The following prominent ladies have kindly consented to be patronesses: Mrs. Ridout, Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. A. B. Lee, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Roger, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Nordheimer, which should insure the success of the event. On the committee of management are Messrs. H. Cawthra, A. J. Boyd, H. L. Drayton, F. H. Gray, H. T. McMillan, W. Mulock, W. J. Douglas, Vaux Chadwick, Lowndes, Alf. Boulbee, E. B. Hostetter, secretary-treasurer, among which will be noticed some of the members of the energetic committee of the Kirmess fancy dress ball with the infusion of some active new blood. The tickets have been limited to four hundred and the date of application closes on January 20.

Mrs. George Dunstan of 4 Russell street gave a very delightful At Home on Saturday afternoon last. Among those present were Mrs. and the Misses Morson, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mrs. W. B. Baines, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. George and Miss Harte, Miss Wadsworth, the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Miss Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Macrae, Mr. E. Macrae, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wade, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. B. Anderson, the Misses Stewart, Mrs. and Miss Macfarlane, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grahame, Miss Harrocks, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Miss Greet.

Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M., holds its annual conversazione in the Pavilion on Friday, January 17.

Glenedyth, the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, has been the scene of much gaiety during the holiday season. The large and splendidly appointed house is especially well-adapted for Christmas merry-making. The roomy hall wore the insignia of Christmas, the holly and mistletoe trimmings aiding in increasing the general air of festivity. On Christmas day, a large family party was dined, while, in the afternoon, a Christmas tree delighted the younger members of the family. On New Year's, too, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer welcomed guests, beginning the New Year with true hospitality.

The Parkdale Cricket Club Colts will hold their annual ball on January 22, at the Academy of Music.

The news of the painfully sudden death of Miss Bolster was a grievous shock to her many friends and acquaintances. In apparently the best of health, she expired, from the bursting of a blood vessel, almost instantly. Miss Bolster will be much missed from her circle of friendship to which she added so much.

Miss Madge King-Dodds entertained a large number of her friends among the little ones on Monday last. The lads and little maidens, children of her friends, were invited to a five o'clock tea and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, being by turns "real grown-up" and childish. Unlike their elders they did not depend entirely on conversation for entertainment. The sound of young voices and tripping feet made known that the exuberance of happy youthfulness was finding an outlet in the participation of those old-fashioned yet ever-dear games, which are especially sacred to childhood, and the festivities of the holiday season.

Mrs. Bright of Ross street welcomed a large number of her friends at afternoon tea on Thursday last.

The dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin of the Dale on January 3, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson of Quebec, was pronounced a very charming one. The guests were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Mrs. Bridgman Simpson, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Henderson, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Miss Carpmael.

Mrs. Chas. Ritchie has moved into a pleasantly situated new home on Avenue road.

Miss Fraser, who has been the guest of Mrs. James Crowther on Bloor street for the past few weeks, returned to her home in Cobourg to-day. Miss Fraser's friends will gladly welcome her reappearance among them on the occasion of future visits.

The dinner party which was to have been given by Prof. Carpmael on Thursday was postponed, owing to the Professor's illness.

The dance given by Mrs. Hoskins of 49 Murray street, on Friday night of last week, proved no exception to the former successes of this popular hostess. About fifty couples were present. Mrs. Hoskins, assisted by her daughter, Miss Beatrice, received her guests in her dining-room, which was used on this occasion as a drawing-room, on the opposite side of the hall. Supper was served about 12 30 o'clock, up-stairs, in a picturesque little morning room. Coriett's popular orchestra supplied the music, which was all that could be desired. The floor was in excellent condition, and the merry dancers found it hard to tear themselves away before three o'clock. Some handsome and pretty dresses were worn, among which were Mrs. Hoskins' black velvet *en train*, trimmed with heavy jet; Miss Hoskins, pale pink satin with folds of silk gauze; Mrs. Briston looked extremely handsome in an ivory white brocaded silk, decollete and *en train*, with wide gold embroidery on one side; Miss Vankoughnet wore a becoming pale pink satin over which was draped pink tulle; Mrs. Willie Crowther, gray tulle skirt, bodice of gray velvet, trimmed with cut steel, steel necklace and ornaments; Miss Nora Armour of Cobourg, soft white silk made in a simple and becoming way; Miss Annie Michie, white silk, salmon-pink ribbons and feathers; Miss Rutherford, white satin covered with black lace, *en train*, diamond ornaments; Miss Beatty, white crepe de chine; Miss Maude Beatty, eau de Nile liberty silk; Miss Violet Seymour of Port Hope, black net, sage green ribbons and sash; Miss Sybil Seymour, pale blue spotted satin, wreath of small blue flowers in her hair; Miss Birchall, pale heliotrope satin, with folds of white crepe de chine and pearl trimmings; Miss Wyatt, blue satin; Miss Todd, white liberty silk; Mrs. McCullough, white satin bodice, skirt of white net with rows of orange ribbon; Miss Dalias, tan tulle, velvet bodice, slippers to match; Mrs. Henry Duggan, white silk trimmed with gold braid; Miss Bunting, white satin with train, pearl trimmings; Miss Harris, pale pink corded silk; Miss Hart, cream silk and white jet; Miss Cockburn, pale pink silk with drapery of chenille dotted tulle; Miss Scott, black silk and tulle, orange sash and ribbons. Others present: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Denison, the Misses Denison, the Messrs. Hart, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Brantford, Mr. George A. Stinson, the Misses Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McDonald, Mr. Dudgeon, Mr. Bristol, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Miss Ethel Vickers, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Tate, Mr. E. R. Vankoughnet, Miss Gertrude Temple, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. Houston, Mr. Sidney and Miss Small, Mr. McCullough, Miss Amy Boulton, Miss Morgan, the Misses Osler, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Rattan of Winnipeg, Messrs. Beardmore, Miss Madalen Fraser of Cobourg, Mr. W. C. Crowther, the Misses Arthurs, Mr. Reginald and the Misses Lockhart, Messrs. Casimir Dickson, Stephen Heward, Lawrence Baldwin, Andrews, Ross, C. A. Bogert, Wyatt, E. H. Duggan, Hollyer, Cartwright, Forbes Michie, Edgar, Sweny, Percy Manning, Parsons, Fred Langmuir, Herbert Cawthra, Mervyn McKenzie, McMurray, Scott and a number of others.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby will spend next week in Ottawa.

Miss Cosens, 232 McCaul street, gave a small afternoon tea on Thursday of last week.

Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mrs. Henry Duggan of Wilcox street on January 24.

Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood welcomed a large company of guests on Tuesday evening last. This Cotillion made certainly a pleasing break in the host of dances, balls, etc., by which names we are wont to designate the various social gatherings. The german-like figures were decidedly delightful in their uniqueness, and were charmingly led by Miss Arthurs and Mr. Stewart Morrison. The favors were especially pretty, being quaint flower-filled baskets, *bonbonieres* holding tempting sweets, or dainty conceits in the way of fancy trifles. It is needless to say that the fortunate recipients carefully guarded their novel treasures. Among the handsome dresses these were noticed: Miss Michie, rose-colored spangled tulle, trimmed with rows of ribbon; Mrs. Bristol, yellow tulle; Miss Arthurs, pink silk skirt with dark green velvet bodice; Miss Fraser of Cobourg, white silk grenadine over white silk, with a dainty trailing wreath of pale green foliage and flowers as a bodice garniture; Miss Maggie Arthurs, pink crepe de chine; Miss Walker, pink India silk; Miss Nora Armour of Cobourg, white tulle; Mrs. Cockburn's gown was a pink of a pretty shade; Miss Madeline Spratt wore blue; Miss Bunting looked well in white; Miss Cawthra's gown was of pink, fashioned in the classic style with carelessly disposed folds and draped bodice.

Mrs. E. Bristol received on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at her new home on Huron street.

Miss Nora Armour of Cobourg is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. Bristol of Huron street.

Mrs. H. K. Merritt of Simcoe street was, a few weeks ago, the victim of an unlucky fall which resulted in a seriously sprained ankle. This popular hostess and charming society woman has been much missed from the gaieties from which she was thus forced to absent herself. At present, somewhat better, Mrs. Merritt is in Buffalo, and her friends earnestly hope for her speedy and entire recovery, and will welcome her very cordially upon her return.

Miss Chapman of Albany is the guest of Mrs. Sweny, at Rohallion.

The newspaper fraternity of Toronto has this week lost one of its ablest and most popular members by the death on Monday of John Cumming Maclean of the *World*. Mr. Maclean was connected with Toronto journals from his youth. He possessed the newspaper instinct to a marvellous degree and he died with the pencil, which in life he had used so well, in his hand. He was but thirty years of age. The funeral which took place on Wednesday was attended largely by his *confreres* of the press and prominent citizens.

The following gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dine at Government House Wednesday evening: Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. Blaikie, Professor Pike, Lt.-Col. George T. Denison, Mr. Hector Grassett, Mr. Langmuir, Lt.-Col. Otter, Mr. Frederick Wyld, Rev. William Clark, Mr. Mercer Adam, Lt.-Col. Fred C. Denison, C.M.G., M.P.; the President Royal Canadian Society of Artists, Rev. Dr. Potts, the President Ontario Association of Architects, Lt.-Col. Grassett, Hon. J. C. Aikins, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, the Archbishop's Secretary, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Thomas Galt, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Hon. John Macdonald, Mr. George R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Mr. John Small, M.P., Mr. Justice McMahon, Hon. C. F. Fraser, the Chancellor of Ontario, Mr. W. H. Beatty, Mr. Justice Maclennan, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. G. W. Ross, His Lordship the Bishop of Eudocia, Hon. Frank Smith, Sir Daniel Wilson, Rev. Principal Caven, His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Timothy Anglin, Dr. Daniel Clark, Mr. W. R. Meredith, Q.C., Mr. George Crawford, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. Foy, Q.C.

The North Toronto Social Circle held their second annual ball on New Year's night.

A very delightful At Home was given on New Year's night by Miss Lottie Oliver; a pleasant feature was the introduction of musical and dramatic selections. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hawes of London, England, the Misses Coney, Klinger, Wilkes and Cameron, Messrs Radway, Gouldstone, E. Oliver, A. Oliver, S. Richards and C. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crowley, Mr. and Mrs Geo. Clode and Mrs. Melville.

Canada Lodge No. 49, I. O. O. F., gives a dance in Victoria Hall on January 15.

Miss Aggie Nairn and Miss Aggie Hatton have returned from a holiday visit in Guelph.

The Young Toronto Lacrosse Club give an At Home at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Tuesday, January 21.

On Tuesday, January 8, the many friends of Mr. Bert Brown and Miss Gertrude Mackenzie assembled in the Central Presbyterian Church to witness the solemnization of their marriage. The bride was attended by the Misses Daisy Ansley and Flo Brown, while the groomsmen were Messrs. Norman Smith and Arthur D. Brown. After an informal reception at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Brown took the noon train for points in western Ontario, followed by the hearty good wishes of a large circle of friends.

Mr. Easton Burns, a former Toronto boy who recently purchased a ranch near Winnipeg, is in the city visiting friends.

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, the well-known artist and naturalist of New York, is at present visiting his parents at 86 Howard street.


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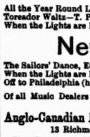

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## Boudoir Gossip.

The two cloth dresses—cuts of which are given on page ten—are examples of the decided change fashion has undergone of late. The scanty breadths of the redingote, and the small amount of material in the trimmed skirt strike one as being decidedly new. The folds of the latter are artistic in disposition, lending themselves with a charming grace as a foundation for the dainty little bodice. Its sleeves of velvet—full at the shoulders; its double revers, and novel apron drapery on the vest front, form a most attractive dress. It is one, too, which should be universally becoming, as the severity of outline is met half way by the garniture of the bodice.

The redingote has also the fulness at the top of the sleeve, while from the elbow down it is buttoned to fit the arm. The double rever, sleeves, collar and kilted front panel are of heavy silk, and they, with the somewhat novel side fastening, combine to make this gown one of singular prettiness.

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I am in receipt of a most daintily gotten up little affair. It is a booklet destined to bring comfort to the heart of society women. Everyone knows how often madame is in doubt about calls, and especially as to dates. This wee book-friend has four pages for each day in the week, and every page has a ruled and lettered space for name and address, with dates of visits paid and received, besides an additional column for remarks in case of change of address, &c. The Every Day Visiting List is copyrighted by Mrs. Wellesley Holmested, artistic designer and illustrator, and is for sale at the Ladies' Work Depository; price 30 cents. It is decidedly one of the most convenient novelties I have seen; and to its many recommendations, it adds that of prettiness, for the uniquely-designed birch bark cover is truly beautiful.

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A correspondent has asked for some hints regarding the furnishing of a library, which is to be "very home-like and not too expensive."

I honor her desire to have it home-like, and for that very desirable element—cosiness—would suggest first and foremost an open fire.

Make the basis of furnishing crimson, have an art square of the best carpet you can afford. Do not be inveigled into the buying of any conventional library carpet carefully measured off into squares and hexagons, like a school blackboard after a lesson in geometry. Have a pattern of frost-touched leaves in crimson and hints of brown on a fawn or creamy yellow ground. The foot and a half of floor showing between carpet border and wall should be stained (if it be not hardwood) to imitate mahogany, and the wood work should correspond. The walls may be painted or covered with felt paper. In either case have a fawn touched with red, which soft shade was formerly known as ashes-of-roses.

A dado of straw matting painted crimson is very effective and saves a great deal of wear on the paper. It should be fastened well with large brass headed nails.

Have a border to match the felt wall covering, and use a pale blue or cream and blue ceiling paper. Curtains may be of crimson serge, with bands of velvet. The little sash curtains may be muslin or silk, in pinkish fawn (following the scheme of color) or, if you desire, of white. Be sure and have a window seat (corduroy velvet wears best) and a long settee by the fireplace. Put your books on shelves which you can reach easily and run a rod across the top. It may be closed when the room is not in use, or when there is much dust about. A davenport, a study table, a student's lamp, easy chairs, a sleepy hollow, hassocks, all go to make up the necessities and comforts of a home-like library. Pictures hung with due regard to light and the eye of the observer, or resting upon easels, are a source of pleasure and profit. A good picture, be it engraving, etching or painting is inspiring, and one learns to look for it upon entering the room where it hangs. By all means have pictures. The library is the mental dining-room; and pictures help books very materially. In fact, with plenty of books, a good imagination, an open fire and very little money, you can furnish a cosy home-room which may be called a library.

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In colors black, gray, violet, and yellow take the lead. Paris ladies revel in black and gray gowns, touched with violet in its darkest and richest shades, while yellow is much used for evening wear. It is said that Margherita of Italy introduced the wearing of yellow, which is decidedly the present rage across the seas. Yellow silk is trimmed with white lace for blondes, for brunettes with black. A pretty combination dress worn at a wedding was of gray ladies' cloth, with vest of yellow velvet, covered with steel passementerie. The bonnet was of steel lace, small and rather plain and yellow chrysanthemums were the flowers carried.

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Another handsome dress, worn by the way by the mother of that Paris bride who has been the envy of France, was of violet velvet lined and faced with lilac and trimmed with pearls. The bonnet was of gold lace, with an aigrette of pearls.

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Isn't it ruinous to the skirts of one's dresses? "What?" did you ask? Why, the mud of course. Hasn't your brush and whisk been in requisition each day for almost the whole of the winter. A bright American girl has contrived a way to keep her draperies out of the mud, and yet present a dignified appearance on dry days. In a very decorative way she has four small straps of cloth arranged around her dress skirt just below the waist, about three inches long, the strips of goods bound with silk braid which is the dress trimming, are tacked with a button at each end. The lower end is a blind but the upper one buttons in the regulation way. They look quite a novel method of trimming, but listen: An inch or an inch and a half above is another button and when the day is rainy her ingenious ladyship unbuttons the straps, raises them to the upper buttons, and her skirt swings clear of slush or mud. She declares that it "looks quite respectable;" and I am all anxiety to find some dressmaker who will be obliging and "fix" my next street dress in like fashion without an unbelieving "no use whatever!"

Bronze shoes, velvet-calf shoes and slippers in colored kid flaunt themselves in unwonted gaiety in shop windows now. Dame Fashion has said they may come and they are here, in many and bewildering degrees of daintiness.

CLIP CAREW.

## The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

The following extract from Mark Twain's new book (Rose Publishing Company, Toronto), describes the Yankee's first experience of wearing a suit of mail. He is riding on horseback with a fair maiden named Alisande in search of a castle wherein some other fair maidens were being held captive by some goblins.

"About the third or fourth or fifth time that we swung out into the glare—it was along there somewhere, a couple of hours or so after sun up—it wasn't as pleasant as it had been. It was beginning to get hot. This was quite noticeable. We had a very long pull after that without any shade. Now it is curious how progressively little frets grow and multiply after they once get a start. Things which I didn't mind at all, at first, I began to mind now—and more and more, too, all the time. The first ten or fifteen minutes I wanted my handkerchief I didn't seem to care; I got along and said never mind, it is any matter, and dropped it out of my mind. But now it was different; I wanted it all the time; it was nag, nag, nag, right along, and no rest; I couldn't get it out of my mind; and so at last I lost my temper and said nang a man that would make a suit of armor without any pockets in it. You see I had my handkerchief in my helmet; and some other things; but it was that kind of a helmet that you can't take off by yourself. That hadn't occurred to me when I put it there; and in fact I didn't know it. I supposed it would be particularly convenient there. And so now the thought of its being there, so handy and close by, and yet not get-at-able, made it all the worse and the harder to bear. Yes, the thing that you can't get is the thing that you want, mainly; everyone has noticed that. Well, it took my mind off from everything else; took it clear off, and centered it in my helmet; and mile after mile, there it stald, imagining the handkerchief, picturing the handkerchief; and it was bitter and aggravating to have the salt sweat keep trickling down into my eyes, and I couldn't get at it. It seems like a little thing, on paper, but it was not a little thing at all; it was the most real kind of misery. I would not say it if it was not so. I made up my mind that I would carry along a reticule next time, let it look how it might, and people say what they would. Of course these iron dudes of the Round Table would think it was scandalous, and may be raise Sheol about it, but as for me, give me comfort first, and style afterwards. So we jogged along, and now and then we struck a stretch of dust, and it would tumble up in clouds and get into my nose and make me sneeze and cry; and of course I said things I oughtn't to have said; I don't deny that I am not better than others. We couldn't seem to meet anybody in this lonely Britain, nor even an ogre; and in the moot I was in then, it was well for the ogre; that is, an ogre with a handkerchief. Mere knights would have thought of nothing but getting his armor; but so I got his bandanna, he could keep his hardware, for all me.

"Meantime it was getting hotter and hotter in there. You see, the sun was beating down and warming up the iron more and more, all the time. Well, when you are hot that way, every little thing irritates you. When I trotted, I rattled like a crate of dishes, and that annoyed me; and, moreover, I couldn't seem to stand that shield slatting and banging, now about my breast, now around my back; and if I dropped into a walk, my joints creaked and screeched in that wearisome way that a wheelbarrow does, and as we didn't create any breeze at that gait, I was like to get fried in that stove; and besides, the quicker you went the heavier the iron settled down on you, and the more and more tons you seemed to weigh every minute. And you had to be always changing hands, and passing your spear over to the other foot, it got so irksome for one hand to hold it long at a time.

"Well, you know, when you perspire that way, in rivers, there comes a time when you—when you—well, when you itch. You are inside, your hands are outside; so there you are; nothing but iron between. It is not a light thing, let it sound as it may. First it is one place; then another; then some more; and it goes on spreading and spreading, and at last the territory is all occupied, and nobody can imagine what you feel like, nor how unpleasant it is. And when it had got to the worst, and it seemed to me that I could not stand anything more, a fly got in through the bars and settled on my nose, and the bars were stuck and would not work, and I couldn't get the visor up; and I could only shake my head, which was baking like by this time, and to fly—well, you know how a fly acts when he has got a certainty—he only minded the shaking enough to change from nose to lip, and lip to ear, and buzz and buzz all round in there, and keep on lighting and biting, in a way that a person already so distressed as I was, simply could not stand. So I gave in, and got Alisande to unship the helmet and relieve me of it. Then she emptied the conveniences out of it and fetched it full of water, and I drank and then stood up and she poured the rest down inside the armor. One cannot think how refreshing it was. She continued to fetch and pour until I was well soaked and thoroughly comfortable."

## Boucicault or Shakespeare.

Mr Dion Boucicault contributes an article to the Boston *Arena* called Spots on the Sun, in which he sets forth with no little force and acumen his views with regard to the drama in imitations of Shakespeare. Mr. Boucicault calls attention to the fact that of the thirty-six or thirty-seven plays in the Shakespearian collection two-thirds were merely edited by their co-tenuisle author or "helped along by his pen here and there." Concerning Shakespeare's alleged command of universal knowledge, Mr. Boucicault says tersely, "His collaborators may have possessed and supplied it;" and some very telling criticism is offered of the knowledge of the law displayed in the Merchant of Venice. Mr. Boucicault also comments on the oddity of Shakespeare's conceits, use of slang, love for sensational tricks in construction, startling use of the grotesque, and "almost childish delight in puns."

The writer goes on: "He repeats in several of his plays the words 'and thereby hangs a tale,' as though the pun was so excellent as to bear repetition. He does not reserve this touch of expression in his comedies, but his tragic characters indulge in it, in their most tragic moments. Hamlet's first utterance, and his second, are sarcasms in the form of puns. Another feature in the strange and wild mixtures of tropes. In the luxuriance of his fancy, he throws together images in rich profusion, but each incomplete and having little relation to its neighbors. Thus in the familiar description of a hopeless love, Viola says: 'She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm i' the bud feed on her damask cheek.' Here we have a delicate picture of a flower perishing from the concealed worm eating into its heart. But with our drawing breath we find her like Patience on a monument smiling at grief! This sudden jump from horticulture to statuary is peculiarly Shakespearian in its extravagance."

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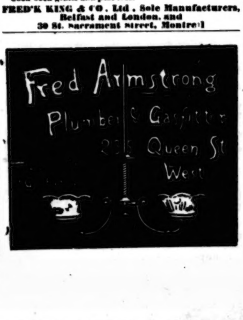


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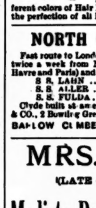

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Ladies, do not miss the opportunity of buying first-class goods at half-price. This will be a BONA FIDE RED LETTER sale, as OUR STOCK MUST BE REDUCED. Ladies, call and inspect our prices. No trouble to show goods. Everything will be marked in plain Red figures.

Dress and Mantle Making an Art with Us

SPECIAL TERMS DURING SALE

# The Secret of the Were-Wolf.

A STORY.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

My father was a scholar of profound erudition and marvelous attainments; he penetrated farther into the arena of philosophy than any man of his generation; but he was totally destitute of personal ambition, and never could be induced to put his discoveries and speculations into literary form. Hence his name is unknown, and, save to the private friends with whom he conversed, not a few of whom have acquired great reputations by the flowering in them of germs that he planted in their minds, his giant intellectual stature is as though it had never been. A giant he was, physically as well as mentally; a brave, well-balanced nature, sunny and clear as the day; a great, Jove-like head, with close-curling beard and hair. With ambition added, he would have stood a head and shoulders above the makers of history—a king of the world.

My mother was of another stamp. She was beautiful, dark and passionate; as fierce in her loving as in her hating. I have seen her throw herself upon my father's herculean breast, her swarthy cheek against his fair and ruddy one, her jet black hair upon his yellow beard, her wild black eyes gazing into the steady blue of his; clinging there like a snake, and kissing him as the adder strikes poison into its victim. But her hate—that is scarcely to be described. Had destiny make her a ruler of nations, like Semiramis or Cleopatra, she would have made their revenges look pale by contrast with hers; her cruelty towards those who had kindled her resentment was as raging and implacable as fire. Not the agony, not the death of her enemies would satisfy her; she must annihilate them, body and soul: and yet would have them exist through an eternity of torture. But enough; such were my parents.

I was their only child, and I inherited from both. My father's brain dwelt in the nature of my mother; but the two influences counteracted each other. I had not his careless serenity, nor her concentration and vividness of emotional manifestation. I appeared cold and ascetic; my passions were intense, but they were silent and hidden. The only fire that I permitted to reveal itself was that which flamed in the furnace of my intellect—the devouring resolve to know and fathom all things. And, indeed, I absorbed knowledge with an ease and swiftness that astonished every one. Before I was twenty I knew all that the universities can teach, and could have acted as professor in any branch of either classical or scientific study. But all this was to me but as the lowest rung of the ladder on which I purposed to ascend beyond the clouds. My ambition transcended the limits of human achievement in the past, and contemplated conquests of domains which, heretofore, the eye of man had not been opened even to contemplate. Master of life and death, of space and time, of matter and spirit—not less than this was my aspiration. I believed in my unequalled destiny, and was deeply determined to fulfil it. One faculty I possessed that neither my father nor my mother ever manifested—that unexplained power of the soul to be free, at will, from the prejudice of time and space, and the vails of physical substance. This endowed me with a singular control over the thoughts and impressions of others, showed me upon how simple a foundation the magic exploits of the wizards of all epochs are based. But magic is only seeming—a specious illusion wrought on sense. My aim was to make the seeming an actuality. I wished to create and to annihilate, not to trifle with phantoms and juggleries.

I kept a gray Russian wolf in my garden—one of the most savage of its species. He was chained to a tree; not that I feared him, but that I wished his savageness to remain unabated. Daily I visited him, stared into his mad eyes, and studied his nature. The wolf, the wildest and most relentless of all savage beasts, is the most closely allied of all to the foundations of human nature. After contemplating him for awhile, I would feel myself entering into his instincts and cravings, aye, and outdoing him in ferocity and bloodthirstiness. My comprehension of him cowed him; he would crouch and howl and strive to break his chain, lest I should spring upon him and read him. That which in man we call love, is in the wolf—the undeveloped man—fear and hatred. He feared and hated me, and I loved him for his fear and hatred. The scent of his hot breath and shaggy fur soothed and pleased me, the glare of his yellow eyes moved me to laughter, and his snarling and whining tickled my very heart. From such communions I returned refreshed and stimulated; they appeased me, and left me kindly and genial. Man, like a fool, would ever keep himself within his own narrow castle. Let him emerge and invite to himself the wild forces of nature, which, indeed, is bar his inchoate self, and the springs of his life will become as the exhaustless wells of Artesia, which are fed from the hidden reservoirs of the planet itself.

It is affirmed by philosophers that the love of woman enfeebles the actions of the mind of man and belks ambition. I meditated much upon this dogma, doubting its soundness. Woman is to man as his own self—as that which is supremely dear and intimate to him. We fly years to endow ourselves with all powers and pleasures; and by making woman ours, when yet she wears a separate form and aspect, we enjoy her pleasure in our gifts, while not forfeiting our own delight therein. What is woman but the concrete manifestation of that metaphysical subtlety, man's self-hood—that which distinguishes him from the animal—the unconscious being—for whom is no choice, no right and wrong, no consciousness? In loving woman, we love the human quality in ourselves—the person that each of us is, and that burns to subjugate and outdo all other persons. We are not for her, we should forget our separateness as individuals, and relapse into the universal man, who knows no difference between himself and that which surrounds him. Now, I hold that the love, yea, the worship of self, is at the root of all great achievement, and therefore that the union with or absorption into myself of a woman harmoniously endowed would strengthen and not weaken my faculties and designs. Those imbeciles, indeed, who permit the woman to draw them away from the pursuit of their proper ends, and to bewilder them with mere sensuous beauty and charm—I speak not of such. But he who knows how to aggrandize his own being to the extent of that of the woman, he surely may invite her with confidence and enjoy her with profit.

I had arrived at this conclusion before I met Irene, and so could not have been influenced to it by any consideration of the freshness and splendor of her loveliness. No woman more nearly perfect in all feminine charms could have existed; from the arch of her brow to the curve of her lips, I found no flaw in her. We were naturally mated, too, as tongue to

thought; for I was tall and strong, and of graceful symmetry, with dark features, straight and fine; and she, though slender, was rounded in every part, supple and active, yet withal stately as the Greek Artemis, whose ideal lineaments hers resembled. In her blue eyes there were both softness and fire, and her clear voice vibrated in the listener's soul. We formed the perfect whole of male and female—the intaglio and the seal. In her I recognized the softer ranges of my own nature, and to her I might stand as the impregnable mountain wall within whose embrace the fertile and enchanted valley of her womanhood could expand itself, secure and fortunate.

. . . . . .

To induce her to identify herself wholly with me was my first care. I pointed out to her the heights to which I meant to soar; depths which I purposed to search out; the obstacles that I was preparing to overthrow. But she would rest her eyes on mine in a long look, until I felt that the great things I grasped at were but the shadows of greatness—having which I should yet have nothing, but ever be led on to other shadows, which, in turn dissolving, would reveal still others endlessly. And then my self-hood would seem to dwindle and was unsubstantial, and in my heart a quiet but mighty impulse, like the flowing of the tide, urged me to cast all at her gracious feet, and find in her a greater recompense than the conquest of the world itself and its secret. It was an impulse that bade me declare myself nothing, and to forsake all ambition save to win her acceptance of my homage. This I read in her eyes or seemed to read; to forsake my own exaltation and find exaltation in her; to make it my honor to honor her; so to live as to make her life lovely. This only would be real and immortal; all else was twilled of death, and death would be the end of it.

Disturbed by these misgivings, I would go forth from the spell of her presence, and walk in the garden till the moon climbed above the dark masses of the yew trees, and the howl of the gray wolf rode on the air like the cry of a demon. Then would I draw near to him, and cast myself on the stony ground where he crouched and snarled, and resting my chin upon my hands, I would peer into the glare of his teeth and the thick hair bristling round his neck. Wild and hideous in truth he was; but at length, as I watched him, a delight of the beast would begin to course through my pulses and my breath came short and thick, and undefinable, red like blood, quivered before my sight.

The spirit of the wolf spoke in my mind, saying that life was battle and murder, and that he who most succeeded and sternest was the survivor and the master. The only enduring monuments of human greatness were those whose stones were cemented with human blood—the blood of weak and credulous hearts. Read in the souls of those whose memory posterity has worshipped, and you shall find in their depths the record of merciless and savage deeds that the world calls crimes, but which the wise know to be the inevitable steps whereby the mount of vision may be ascended. The indolent and aimless multitude beguile themselves with piety and patience—empty words to disguise their cowardice and impotence. The few who have the courage to look existence in the face and measure it, and the fortitude to trample under foot all the tender delusions of romance, charity and mercy—to them, and to them alone, is the triumph and the fame. So the spirit of the wolf entered into me, spoke, fill I gnashed my teeth as he gnashed his, and felt the insatiable thirst for blood burning at my entrails.

. . . . . .

One day Irene and I sat on the terrace overlooking the garden, and as we sat she put out her hand and laid it in mine. She was beautiful beyond the wont even of her beauty, and there was a kind of sacredness in her neighborhood, like music on a mountain, or the purity of flowers at dawn. Yet at that time I was in the mood of the gray wolf, and while I softly pressed her hand I felt a longing to leap upon her and tear her white flesh with my teeth, and despoil and trample her.

"What are your thoughts, Lucan?" she asked.

"Of you, Irene—always of you," I answered, quietly.

Then the wolf howled below in the garden, and struggled with his chain.

"Why do you keep that wild beast, my love?" she said. "Loose him, and let him slink back to his own desert. He seems to come between us; and last night I dreamed that he crept in beside me as I slept, and I felt his fangs at my throat. How can you love him and me?"

"The world is wide," I said, "and the tree whose branches reach towards heaven has its roots in hell. But come with me into the garden, and it shall be as you wish."

So we went down together, still hand-in-hand. The red sun sank behind the yew trees, and a breeze arose, swaying their dark tops to and fro, as if they nodded to one another, and murmured of some fearful deed. But I drew Irene then I speak not. But he who knows how to aggrandize his own being to the extent of that of the woman, he surely may invite her with confidence and enjoy her with profit.

I had arrived at this conclusion before I met Irene, and so could not have been influenced to it by any consideration of the freshness and splendor of her loveliness. No woman more nearly perfect in all feminine charms could have existed; from the arch of her brow to the curve of her lips, I found no flaw in her. We were naturally mated, too, as tongue to

"Let us gather the roses."

But I heard the hungry breathing of the wolf, and I said:

"Come this way," and led her down that path.

The wolf cowered back in the shadow, as we approached. Then I stepped to the tree and loosed his chain. And with a snarl of rage he leapt on Irene, and tore her throat with his teeth, and, bearing her to the earth, drank her blood. At that sight, the fury of slaughter came upon me also, and I threw myself upon him and wrenched him away from her, growling, "She is for me!" But he sprang at me again, and we rolled over and over, rending each other in deadly conflict, while a mad joy flamed up in my heart. At length I prevailed, and he lay there stranded and lifeless. But, as I rose and looked at him, behold! it was not the wolf that lay there, but my own body, bloody and disfigured; and I, the victor, was the wolf, with grinning fangs and bristling hair. And a spirit, with a face like Irene's, but severe and terrible, stood above me with a drawn sword. Whereupon I uttered a howl of fear and anguish, and, turning, fled as a wolf before the point of the sword, until I lost myself in the desert.

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

SCHOOL BOY, Barrie.—Yes.

IRA J.—Writing denotes indecision, wilfulness and pride.

OLIVE ANN.—Energetic, careless and quick-tempered.

MARIE L.—Writing shows captious temper, impulse and indolence.

D. S. S.—I trust I have your initials right, but it is nothing more than guess-work; they are re-ily illegible. Writing denotes energy, decision, perseverance, mirth and self-esteem.

GIPSY.—Wilfulness, heedlessness and love of luxury.

SIBS.—Your writing shows care'essness, obstinacy and impulse.

REXER.—Decision, strong will, attention to detail and mirth.

JO-JO, Belleville.—You ask "what you are." Well, we think you are a very nice boy, with considerable flesh, a large amount of persevering push and no small degree of self-esteem: in fact a "jolly good fellow."

PRIPYA, Belleville.—We don't know Jo-Jo! You and he would be excellent friends I feel sure. Your writing denotes even temper, candor, melancholy, self-reliance and fondness for administration.

CERES, Belleville.—Determination, exaggeration, kindness of heart, and an almost uncontrollable tendency to flirtation, are exhibited here.

THOMAS GRAY, Belleville.—Your hand is either unformed or disguised. It shows little except painstaking.

UNKNOWN, London.—We scarcely know what to think about you and your six friends. You certainly are—economical. Your writing denotes strong will, candor and consistency.

NIBS, London.—Resolute, careless and wilful.

LOT, London.—My dear Lot, your "please answer in next issue," is a trifle saddening, but that little request is often made and cannot be complied with on account of unanswered "I'll overs." Your writing denotes wit, originality and variable spirits.

ZELLA H., London.—Mirthful, impatient and high-spirited.

JESSIE, London.—Humor, sensitiveness and care'essness.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, London.—Fondness for flattery, nervous temperament and decision are displayed by this specimen.

BAB, London.—Love of order, gentleness and deceit are shown here.

IOLA.—Writing denotes suspicion, tenderness, melancholy temperament, impulse and vivid imagination. Yes, he is of Toronto.

BIG BAZAR, Orillia.—Sensitive, fond of admiration, self-esteeming and impatient.

ROMEO.—Eminently persevering, candid and susceptible to the influence of—ballet.

JULIET.—Haughty, careless, quick-tempered and gay.

FLORENCE Q.—Romantic, impulsive, and very decided in action and opinion.

MIN-IN-THE-FACE, Orillia.—Better say please. Writing denotes ambition, shrewdness and tendency to exaggeration.

KAMA, Orillia.—Precision, selfishness and perseverance.

NOTA BENE, Orillia.—Sunny temper, originality and care-lessness.

JEAN, Toronto.—You cannot expect one person to compel another to accept any line of teaching as absolutely correct and indisputable. Mental autocracy, should it exist, forbid such a violation of the expressed sentiments of the head of the family. I think, however, that it is a matter in which he alone should be interested for I believe in personal liberty, and a clergyman's right to do as he pleases with regard to his sons and daughters.

ZERA.—Practical, ingenious and true in friendship.

BEBE (enclosed with above).—Decisive, ambitious, self-esteeming.

JOE.—Energetic, prudent and reserved.

A CONSTANT READER, Orangeville.—Sensitive, warm-hearted and persevering. Your writing denotes, further, dignity and precision.

PUZZLED, Chatham.—This writing exhibits a fair amount of perseverance—scarcely enough for a business life, considerable self-esteem, susceptibility and flattery, and a tendency to exaggerate.

OLD MAID.—Irritable, hasty, kind-hearted and a lasting friend.

PIP'S DARLING.—Irresolution, wilfulness, susceptibility to flattery and admiration, self-reliance and self-esteem.

JENNY JUNE.—Mirth, obstinacy, extreme kindliness of heart, and a thoroughly practical nature are here denoted.

BELLE CARLTON.—Generosity, impressionability, energy and tendency to flirtation are here shown.

M. ST. CLAIRE.—Ambition, decision, sensitiveness, self-esteem and recklessness are exhibited by this writing.

TERRY, Goderich.—Mirthful, impatient and quick-tempered.

NAN.—Erratic, impulsive and generous.

STEWART.—Candid, impatient and high-spirited.

MARGUERITE, Montreal.—For a talk on library furnishing, see Fashion Chatter, in this issue.

### Very True.

Teacher—All things which can be seen through are called transparent. Fanny, mention something which is transparent.

Fanny—A pane of glass.

Teacher—Quite correct. Now, Fanny, mention some other object through which you can see.

Fanny—A keyhole.—*Texas Siftings.*

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS—

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THIS IS NO FICTION

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC.

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of Appetite, and giving with the

ROSEBUD OF HEALTH

the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

PREPARED ONLY BY

THOS. BEECHAM,

St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,

*Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.*


### Woman, Lovely Woman

Who will redeem the character of the nineteenth century woman! She is being assailed on all hands as a very poor reproduction of the ancestresses we are wont to regard with pity and contempt. Unless we are willing to acknowledge the truth of the accusation made against us, some mighty female wielder of the pen must at once defend us. The best way to vindicate ourselves is by a defence as powerful as the attack, which is not made by a series of silly letters. We have been charged with inferiority of intellect, social power, manners, and even physical beauty. Mediocrity, says our latest assailant, is the great characteristic of the woman of to-day; and now, I ask, what have we to say in answer to all this? Some of our contemporary women writers—among whom is one of the most powerful we have—make no secret of the contempt they have for the woman of to-day; now, is there not one among us who can prove that we are something more than mere pushing, advertising, mediocre specimens of womanhood?

There can be no manner of doubt but that the modern style of living and thinking does tend to superficiality. To live and to take our stand at all in the world it is necessary that we keep ourselves well to the fore, else we are speedily trampled down by the eager mass of strugglers for fame and fortune. We are in such haste that we obviously cannot stop to cultivate our minds and manners as did our grandmothers. Just as great a difference exists in us as in the furniture of their homes and ours. It was their delight the fashion to polish till the old cabinets and wardrobes shone like silver, whereas in these days the modern housewife has no time nor care for any of these things. But whether or not we have deteriorated in other respects, I am prepared to say that we are not physically less beautiful than our ancestresses. It seems to me that the number of pretty girls one sees about increases. The children of to-day are certainly becoming more beautiful, and if we cannot boast of particular "professional beauties" at the present moment, we can at least confidently claim that as a race our women are worthy of all admiration.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

### An Obscure Title.

"Mr. J. Foxcroft Bagler (soliloquizing)—When shall we three meet again? Weally, I can't see the point to that.—*Life.*

### How the Sun Affects the Weather.

The most pronounced effects of a solar disturbance are felt as it appears by the sun's rotation on its axis and as the disturbance crosses the sun's meridian. The six and a half days between appearance by rotation and meridian passage are marked by storms, auroras, heat, or earthquakes. After meridian passage the storm influence of a solar disturbance appears to cease. In this use of the word storm all the other phenomena are included. All are kindred. When solar disturbances follow each other in rapid succession the storm period is prolonged. The effects of solar disturbances which break out on the sun's hemisphere turned toward us produce sudden and powerful effects in our atmosphere. Storms known as cloud bursts have been most frequently noted in connection with these sudden outbursts on the sun's face. As a rule the marks of solar disturbance cannot be seen until the storms on the earth cease. The spots form after the storm-producing eruptions.

Tornadoes are more numerous during periods of violent solar agitation. The number and violence of tornadoes are directly proportioned to the number and violence of solar disturbances. Observations made during the past winter and spring show that solar disturbances are in some cases not marked by spots until a month or two after the eruptions begin. Fifty-two days after the great storm of January 9 and 10, 1889, spots appeared by the sun's rotation. Spots also appeared by rotation fifty-two days after the great Samoan hurricane of March 15 and 16, 1888, which wrecked several men-of-war in the harbor of Apia. This disturbance on the sun was followed upon reappearance on May 29 and 30 by the floods which wrecked Johnstown, Pa., and drowned Williamsport, Pa.

When solar disturbances become obscure, their storm action can be traced by counting the twenty-six day period. The solar disturbances which caused severe and widespread storms during the first eight months of 1889 are now obscure, spots being rarely seen. But there is evidence of some activity at the seat of the disturbances. Whenever violent action is resumed, our atmosphere will be vexed in proportion to the violence on the sun.

### One of the Beresford Wild Oats.

It is not generally known that Lord Charles Beresford was once nearly the cause of war between England and the United States. He was serving as a "mid" on his frigate, cruising about the West Indies. Having put into one of the Bahamas for water, Lord Charles and a few of his chums obtained shore leave.

They passed a night of frolic, and were thinking of going on board, when one of the party spied a handsome figure of an eagle with outstretched wings, fastened over the door of a house, evidently inhabited by some person of importance.

"We must capture that bird," cried the future captain and pride of the British navy. In a moment he had climbed up like a cat by the aid of some lattice-work, detached the eagle, and came down again. The "prisoner" was brought in triumph to the middy's berth and quietly stowed away.

Now morning there was wild excitement on the island. A looker-on had told the story, how "a party of Britishers had insulted the Stars and Stripes, by forcibly removing and stealing away the eagle from the American Consul's dwelling," and Columbia would have satisfaction, or wipe out Great Britain from the map of the world.

The British captain, being a sensible man, appeared to bow before the aggrieved majesty of the mighty people, and promised to make all the reparation in his power. With that object he ordered Lord Charles and his comrades to go on shore with the eagle, a ladder, a hammer, and a box of nails.

In the presence of a vast multitude the action of the lordly Beresfords was affected to mount the ladder and restore the "bird of freedom" to his perch. The captain having delivered an appropriate oration, Great Britain and Lord Charles were let off with a caution, and war averted.

A spectator, who was as full of liquor as patriotism, afterwards vowed that the eagle clapped his wings in triumph.

### Kitchen Diplomacy.

Lady of the House—Rosa, who is that fellow you had here in the kitchen yesterday?

Servant-maid—Ah! that was my sweet-heart; but I shan't have anything more to do with him, because he is always making remarks about everything I do. Only yesterday, said, "Rosa, your mistress is the handsomest lady I ever saw." What business has he to talk about you in that fashion?

Lady—Well, it seems a very decent sort of man, and I don't see why you should jilt him.

### It Pays.

Does it pay to steal? asks a paper. It does, esteemed contemporary, it does. It doesn't alway pay the thief, but just think of the large number of criminal lawyers to whom it furnishes a fat living.

### The Realism of Dreams.

"It's curious how real your dreams are sometimes."

"Yes, isn't it! Last night I dreamed I was standing on my head on the top of St. James' church steeple playing God Save the Queen on a shoe horn."

"Really!"

### Life on a Farm.

Farmer Oatcake (in summer)—Come, boys, get up! It's four o'clock, and there's a big day's work ahead of us.

Farmer Oatcake (in winter)—Come, boys, get up! It's four o'clock, and there ain't a dummed thing to do today.—*Life.*

## Philip's Wife.

It was a chilly November night when the train got into Hampden. Hampden was one of those new, unfinished places which require the brightest of sunlight, the greenest frame of quivering leaves, to make them at all presentable. And in the gray, uncompromising medium of the November dusk Hampden looked dreary enough, with the dark chimney of the new silk mill rising out of the hemlock woods, the staring Queen Anne depot, the church, which bore a strong family resemblance to a child's wooden toy, and the stone quarry to the left, which reminded the thoughtful looker-on of a gigantic fortification in an unfinished state.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Nedley, as she looked around her. "A queer place."

Her nephew Phebe was there to meet her with a box wagon and a white-nosed old horse.

"Folks can't always choose where they're to live," said Phebe, who was always in a state of antagonism to Mrs. Nedley, "and Hampden is good enough for me."

"How is Philip?" asked Mrs. Nedley.

"Philip is well," said Phebe, as she helped the depot boy to hoist Aunt Nedley's trunk into the wagon.

Philip Barrow was Mrs. Nedley's favorite nephew. She had paid his bills at school, superintended his fortunes, and finally purchased a share for him in the new silk mills.

"He's all I've got," said Mrs. Nedley, "except Phebe, and Phebe and I never did hitch horses together. I want him to succeed in the world."

But within a few days a new claimant had arisen to Aunt Nedley's protection and tender consideration.

"To be sure, she is no relation to me," said Mrs. Nedley. "But her mother was my dearest friend, and I think I will adopt her for her sake."

It was scarcely an hour from the time in which she learned that Silvia Gray was an orphan that she wrote a kind letter to the girl, inviting her to come to the East for a visit.

"If you like it, my dear, there need be no occasion for your going back," she wrote. "We are both alone. Let us be companions one to another."

She had waited and waited, and no reply had arrived; and while she waited a plan had developed itself in her mind.

"If she is her mother's daughter she can't help being pretty," said Mrs. Nedley. "Phil is a handsome lad. She shall marry Phil!"

And this explains Mrs. Nedley's presence at Hampden.

"I suppose you are still keeping house for Philip?" said she to Phebe, as they drove along in the chill twilight.

"No," said Phebe, skilfully guiding the old horse down a steep place in the road.

"He boards, eh?" said Mrs. Nedley.

"No, he doesn't board," answered Phebe; "his wife keeps house for him."

"What!" said Mrs. Nedley.

"He is married," announced Phebe, very much in the tone in which she might have said, "It is a cold evening," or, "The train is late."

"Philip married!" repeated the old lady—"married! Stop, Phebe; don't drive a step further! Turn round at once. Take me back to the station. I'll return to Concord."

"Ain't you going to see Philip?" asked Phebe, in a surprised tone.

"Not if he's married," answered Mrs. Nedley, in a choked voice.

"He's got a proper nice wife," pleaded Phebe. "You'll like her."

"No, I shan't," said Mrs. Nedley. "Philip—married. Phebe, if you don't turn around I'll get out and walk."

Mrs. Nedley's will was like adamant, and Phebe Barrow was forced to succumb to it.

And so it happened that Phebe and the white-nosed pony arrived, solitary and alone, at the little cottage of the mill superintendent half an hour later.

Phil came out into the porch, carrying a lamp in his hand. Mrs. Phil ran after him with a pink apron tied around her trim waist and her brown fringe of hair blowing back from her forehead.

"Where's my aunt?" said Phil, as Phebe jumped out. "Didn't she come?"

"She came," said Phebe, curtly; "but she's gone back again."

"Gone back again?"

"Yes. She didn't like it because you're got married; so she's gone back by the six minutes past eight train."

"Oh, Phil!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrow, who was a round, cherry-cheeked little woman, with soft, hazel eyes, and a mouth like a rosebud. "What shall we do? Why didn't you consult her before you married me?"

Phil Barrow broke into a great laugh.

"My dear," said he, "it wasn't her consent I wanted; it was yours."

"Oh, but Phil, she has done so much for you."

"She's a good soul, but she's eccentric," said the mill superintendent. "Go in, Phebe, and get your tea."

"I'm sure I can't eat a mouthful," said Mrs. Phil, despairingly. "And the biscuit I mixed myself; and the fried chicken and the White Mountain cake—oh, Phil, oh, Phil!"

"Don't fret, dear," said Phil, "my Aunt Nedley has missed a very good supper, that I can tell her, truthfully."

"But I've blighted your future," said Mrs. Barrow, tragically seizing the sugar tongs.

"We'll go to Concord to-morrow and see the old lady," soothed Phil. "She must surrender if she sees you, wifey."

Phebe chuckled grimly.

"That's all very well," said she; "but you forget that an old lady and a young man doesn't look at a girl with the same eyes."

"Hold your tongue, Phebe," said the mill superintendent. "What is the use of always croaking?"

And then Mrs. Phil began to laugh, and Phebe, who, after a crabbed fashion, was fond of her pretty young sister-in-law, laughed also; and, after all, the dainty little supper was eaten and enjoyed, even though Aunt Nedley's face was steadfastly turned toward Concord.

Her own firesides had never seemed so solitary and dreary as it did upon that November night. The maids, gossiping in the kitchen, were called upon to rekindle the dead fire. The tea, smoky and half cold, was served, and Mrs. Nedley was just resolving to go to bed, when Betsey brought a letter.

"Postman, mum, he left it a week ago," said she. "It fell down back of the letter box."

"Ah," says Mrs. Nedley, fitting on her spectacles and scrutinizing the seal and directions, "from Silvia Gray! Now I shall have some one to love in Philip's place."

But she had not read three lines before she flung the letter indignantly into the sulky fire.

"Married!" she exclaimed. "That child! Is everybody crazy to get married, I wonder! And she hopes I'll excuse her, but her husband thinks—folly and nonsense! What is her husband to me? Betsey, my chamber candle!"

"Bless me, ma'am!" said Betsey. "What has happened?"

"Everything!" said Mrs. Nedley. "Don't let me be called before eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I almost wish that I could go to sleep and sleep forever."

And Mrs. Nedley, in the silence and solitude of her own room, fell to thinking of what charitable institution she could leave her money.

With the psalmist of old she could earnestly have cried, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

"I loved Philip," she said; "I had set my heart on Silvia Gray—and such a match as it would have been!"

She was sitting at her luncheon the next day, with the cockatoo on one side of her and the little poodle on the other when Betsey opened the door.

"Please, ma'am, he would come in."

"Who would come in?"

"I, Aunt Nedley, and my wife," said Philip Barrow. "Don't be vexed."

The tall young superintendent came in with his wife on his arm.

"Won't you kiss me, Aunt Nedley?" said Mrs. Phil, pushing up the rosebud lips—"for my mother's sake?"

"Eh!" said Mrs. Nedley.

"Why, didn't you get my letter, aunt?" said the bride.

"Letter?"

Mrs. Nedley was more convinced than ever that she was asleep and dreaming.

"I wrote you all about it," said Mrs. Phil. "Do you not know?"

"Know what, child?"

"That I am Silvia Gray. I met Philip when he came out to Denver to look at the machinery, and he would be married immediately. He said he was sure you would forgive him. Will you forgive him, Aunt Nedley?"

"Yes, my dear, I will," said Mrs. Nedley, her face brightening up like a full moon peeping through mist wreaths. "But why didn't they tell me you were Silvia Gray?"

"Philip wanted to surprise you," said Silvia, shyly.

"Well, my dear, Philip has surprised me," said Mrs. Nedley.

She went back to Hampden with the mill superintendent and his wife, and slept in the pretty pink-and-white bedroom which Silvia had prepared for her with so much pains; and she praised Silvia's chicken salad and prune pies, and even condescended to approve of Phebe's half-completed counterpane; for life was all *couleur de rose* to her now.

It is a great thing for a woman of Mrs. Nedley's age to have her own way.

## Beautiful Snow.

"The snow, the snow, the beautiful white snow,"
As sung by poets in the long ago,
Were's written in these modern times 'twould run
"The sun, the sun, the beautiful, bright sun."
Where is the snow? that erst in feathery flakes
Spread its white mantle over fields and brakes?
Where is the frost? that jewelled once the ground
With coruscent diamonds, broidcast thrown around?
Where is the ice? in glassy, smooth expanse,
Fit floor for skilled skaters' merry dance?
Where is the Yule-log? that glowed on the hearth,
To warm and cheer us, children of the earth?
Where are the sleighs? that with sweet, tinkling bells
Filled the crisp air with tune of fairy shells?
Where is the snow man? built out in the yard,
So glistening white, so brilliant and so hard?
Gone with the fashions of lo g, long ago,
The joys of snow, the beautiful, white snow.—*N. Y Truth.*

## The Mysterious Stranger.

The following letter is said to have been recently sent by a distinguished artist in the north of Scotland to a friend of his in Dundee:

"DEAR T.—A curious fellow turned up here the other day, with never a copper or pouch to hold such an article. He wasn't even in rags, but he was literally without a rag to cover himself.

"He either could not or would not give his name, and reason he would not, but kicked up a bonnie 'How-dye-do' until for peace sake we had to provide him with some clothes. With difficulty we got the fellow clean, and put in a respectable condition, then offered him something to eat; but he got perfectly furious, and would take nothing but drink. I believe the 'scoff' lives on drink alone. He seems an old fellow, too, for he is absolutely bald-headed and perfectly toothless. He gave Mrs. X. a bonnie fright, I can tell you; and indeed she took to her bed over the matter, and Dr. Z has been in attendance ever since. The doctor has hopes of her eventually getting over her nervous shock. The impudent fellow has taken up his quarters ever since his appearance here, and so far as I can see he is not likely to budge for some time. I hope you and your wife will come hither as soon as possible, and advise us what we should do with the fellow.—Yours sincerely, etc."

The receiver of the letter, Mr. T., was certainly puzzled at its contents, and submitted it to a few friends for their consideration.

The first one he submitted it to was a public official in Dundee, who, after reading it, said he he was the artist he would make short work of the intruder, and at once hand him over either to the fiscal or the parochial board.

Several others thought that the intruder was either an escaped lunatic or a friend on the spree; while a banker, also a lawyer, knowing that the artist excelled in painting trout and their species, came to the conclusion that, whoever the intruder was, he must certainly be a queer fish.

Finally, the letter was submitted to three married ladies, who immediately came to the conclusion that the gentlemen who attempted to interpret the letter were a lot of donkeys, and that the strange intruder was nothing more nor less than a baby boy, which the artist's lady had just presented him with, which theory turned out to be quite correct.

## Just the Thing.

Mr. Garrick—Glad to see you, old man. You're just in time to help us out of a difficulty. We're starting a new amateur dramatic club, and call ourselves the Rosclans. We also want a short motto, which will be printed with the name on all our programmes. Something terse, you know, and short—and—well—sort of half apologetic, you know. Now what would you suggest?

Mr. Cynic—Something short—and appropriate—and apologetic—um—let me see—how would Don't Shoot suit you?—*Boston Beacon.*

## Tricking the Buttonholers.

Those who have the misfortune to be buttonholed by a loquacious friend, know only too well how the speaker looks them over while discharging his cargo of jabber, and if he happens to perceive a stray piece of thread on the listener's coat, at once removes it. One of these pick-me-overs was recently descanting to an acquaintance, when he espied an errant morsel of cotton. Instantly he pounced upon it, but instead of finding it about an inch and a half in length, he drew yards upon yards from the garment. When, to his astonishment, he had extracted enough of the filament to sew the seams of a pair of unmentionables, his friend suddenly unbuttoned his coat, saying: "Here, old man, if you were some other time to fasten your shirt buttons, you had better take the rest of the spool. This one, I dare say, will do, as it is labelled: 'Warranted 400 yards long.' With that he produced a spool of some old fashioned reel so well known to sempstresses and kittens, and presented it to his interviewer. This was his little parlor game, and he boasts that he scored ten victims in one evening. Try it.

## Couldn't See His Mistake.

One of those wet mornings last week he entered the gorgeous counting room of the Bank of Montreal. He bore the marks of both Christmas and New Year's festivities. His hair was uncombed, three days growth of beard marred the classic outlines of his face, his eyes were bloodshot, his raiment was spattered with mud, and when he moved, he didn't seem to obey his helm, so to speak. With his hands jammed into his overcoat pockets, he walked up to the paying-teller's wicket, looked at him with a fixed and glassy stare for a moment and said:

"I guessh I'll take another."

"Beg pardon!"

"I said I'd take another of the same."

One of the messengers who had been watching matters at a distance came forward and tapped the stranger on the shoulder, saying:

"I think you are making some mistake."

"No mishtake 'bout thish 'tall, young fell', I want a cocktail, chash all."

No amount of explanation could convince him that he was not in a place where beverages were retailed and he was escorted to the door muttering, "Thish town 'sh giddin' too blankety good fer anythin'. A fellah can't get a drink, blank it, fer love 'r money."

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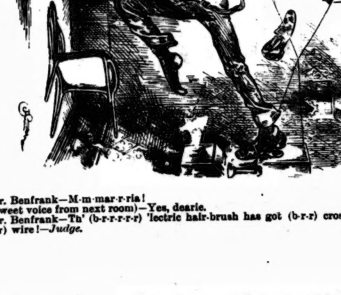

Mr. Benfrank—M-m-mar-r-ria!
(Sweet voice from next room)—Yes, dearie.
Mr. Benfrank—Th' (b-r-r-r-r-r) 'lectric hair-brush has got (b-r-r) crossed with th' telephone (b-r-r-r) wire!—*Judge.*

## A Long Lay-off

A prisoner is brought up for at least the fiftieth time on a charge of vagrancy. The magistrate asked him how long he had been out of work.

"Ever since my mother died! . . . An excellent woman!" added the prisoner, as he brushed away a tear.

Magistrate (somewhat mollified)—And how old were you when you lost your mother?

"Sixteen months, your worship."

## A Laborious Name.

Miss Chamberlayne—What does your father, the baron, call his estate on the Rhine?

Herr Von Griff—It vos named, by mein grossfader, de Castle of Scheinderblitzenschonenbergenschnuzen.

Miss Chamberlayne—Thank you; I'm sorry to have troubled you.

## How La Grippe Affected Him.

A certain prominent newsdealer on Yonge street was attending to business in the interval of blowing his nose, gazing in a tearful way at the ceiling and sneezing, one day this week, when a stranger of meek appearance entered the shop. He looked at the proprietor a moment and inquired in a mild, sympathetic tone:

"Have you got la——?"

"Rats!" yelled the perturbed man of books and periodicals. "Chestnuts! Where did you get that hat? Whose shirt are you wearing? McGinty's? Eh. Why can't you give us something fresh? If I have got it, whose business is it? Five hundred men have been in here to-day and every one of 'em asked that same fool question. A man can't blow his nose these days without some lop eared jay telling him he's got *la grippe.*"

"But I only intended to ask you if you had last week's SATURDAY NIGHT," said the stranger.

"Oh!"

## An Early Bird.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."

"Indade, an Ol am, sor. It's a family thrait, Ol do be thinkin'."

"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"Me feyther, is it? Faix, an he roises that early that ef he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'."

## A Wide Distinction.

Boy (hurriedly)—Gimme a bottle of Dr. Quacker's cough syrup, Mr. Squillis.

Squillis—One dollar, please.

Boy (reproachfully)—Now! This ain't for a customer; it's for Mr. Menthol at the corner. I'm his boy in the shop.

Squillis—Oh, excuse me, I thought you were the public. Twenty cents, please.

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VOL. III] TORONTO, JAN. 11. 1890. [NO. 7


## Mark Twain's New Book.

I have just finished reading Mark Twain's new book, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court (Rose Publishing Company, Toronto.) It is not as funny as the Innocents Abroad or Roughing It, or many of Mark Twain's sketches, but still it is a heap funnier than the average author can write and quite funny enough to amuse the majority of readers. What is not at all unusual with Mark Twain is the effort to teach as well as to amuse. In this, his last work, Democracy is the lesson he endeavors to illustrate, and as he has taken the primary chapters of British history as his basis, does not find it difficult to ridicule the aristocracy and those absurd notions connected with the divine right of kings and the superior clay and nobility. The Connecticut Yankee, by some hocus-pocus was dropped astern of the progress of the world and woke up in ye merrie England some thirteen hundred years previous to the time in which he had been born. At first King Arthur and his merry men were inclined to broil him at the stake, but he escaped owing to an eclipse and with the many modern inventions he took back with him from Connecticut he astounded the court, defeated Merlin as candidate for chief juggler and was finally appointed "The Boss." His experiences and the marvellous things he did and the effect the ignorance of the people had upon him are graphically described, and aside from the multitude of funny things, the story has an unflagging interest, many pathetic episodes and scathing attacks upon the church which finally defeated all of the "Boss's" efforts to introduce nineteenth century civilization into the England of the seventh century. I imagine that the book will lose a portion of its popularity because of the author's undisguised attempt to make it the illustrated primer of free trade. Many protectionists will take umbrage at being called up in a primary class in political economy to be taught lessons which in many instances are unsound, but nevertheless The Yankee in King Arthur's Court will have an immense sale and do much to teach good lessons and excite hearty laughs. DON.

## Say What You Mean.

When a man has made up his mind to do or not do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant as kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant, with: "I'll see about it," or, "I'll think the matter over," or "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy:" but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly to prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity has passed. But, generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal does so to avoid giving himself pain.

Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say No. They can think No—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to think Yes—but they decline to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive.

These bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He only is a gentleman who treats his fellow men in a manly, straightforward way.

Never seem by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean No, out with it.

## Music.

The week has been barren of musical events, none occurring at a time that would bring them within review of this column to-day. Next week will give us the first concert given by our local musical societies, that of the Toronto Vocal Society, which has been prepared with even more than its usual care. The soloists are attractive in every respect, Miss Hortense Pierse, the soprano, having already made a very favorable impression here at the Philharmonic Society's Samson concert. Mlle. Etelka Utassi is the latest object of interest among pianists, having only recently made her American *debut*. Miss Nora Clench, also, will be heard in Toronto with pleasure.

•

Nordheimers have lately published a couple of fine songs: The Hills of Arcady, by Henry Pontet, a very pretty melody, just the thing for amateurs with taste; and a rousing military song, by St. Quentin, The Brave Old Guard.

•

Regarding the College of Organists (Canada), I have received the two subjoined letters:

DEAR METRONOME,—I regret that Mr. Arthur E. Fisher should have felt himself under the necessity of participating in the "unpleasant" (!) duty of exposing the "piece of humbug" in connection with the College of Organists (Canada), which appears to have found a lodgement in his willing imagination.

The "friendly" tone of his communication of March 12, and the spirit of inflation which characterizes his letter of last week, are suggestive of the presumptuous tendency exhibited to preside in high and mighty judgment over the acts of others, which it is quite evident he so little understands.

The members of the College of Organists (Canada), who are conversant with the motives and aims of the promoters of the organization, were amused more than a little at the premature criticism to which the College was subjected last March, when its critics set up an imaginary state of affairs and proceeded to bombard it. The reckless nature of the statements which have appeared during the past few weeks, do not indicate a friendly disposition, much less a knowledge of what has been done or is being done by the promoters of the College to advance the cause of the organization.

It is not our intention to engage in a prolonged newspaper controversy regarding the basis of examination adopted by the College of Organists (Canada), since the same is so clearly set forth in the prospectus recently issued, yet we deem it due to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT that the misstatements which have appeared from time to time in the columns in this connection, should be contradicted.

As regards paragraph one of Mr. Fisher's letter, it is sufficient to state that no "associates" were, or will be created. In the matter of programmes played by them at some time or other, but not in the hearing of the examiner." In recommending members to our special examiner, Mr. S. P. Warren of New York, as worthy of the distinction of "Honorary Fellows" or "Associates," the executive have been guided by other and more weighty reasons for their actions—one of the principal of which being the evidences they possessed of the practical work accomplished by the candidate in his calling. Where the candidates have shown themselves possessed of qualifications which command the leading positions in the country and have proven their ability to hold the same, what stronger evidence of their claims to recognition could be advanced? It will continue to be the aim of the college to grant its degrees only to such as can claim a certain degree of practical proficiency, while not neglecting or giving due prominence to the theoretical side of the art.

The blustering tone of Mr. Fisher's communication moves me to enquire whether in his opinion any holder of the Canadian title could be so gifted who does not possess qualifications as an organist which would challenge comparison with the local holder of the minor English degree?

I have before me the prospectus of the College of Organists (England), and I find that in the conferring of honorary degrees we are simply following in the footsteps of this older organization, as can be seen by referring to Section XXI of the Articles of Association. This move appears to have excited the wrath of our would-be advisers, yet it is the outcome of the careful deliberations of men holding prominent positions throughout the country and well conversant with the various aspects of the case.

As regards the preparation of the paper work, this has been placed in able hands, and the names of the gentlemen comprising the Executive of the College will be sufficient guarantee of its high standard.

We do not promise to imitate the College of Organists (England) in every detail, for it must be remembered that there are certain circumstances peculiar to the musical life of either country, and that the mixed nature of our population and the tendencies in our musical development which result therefrom, must be considered in the preparation of our curriculum. We are quite safe in stating, however, that the curriculum of the College of Organists (England), in the first year of its active operation, was not as severe nor as comprehensive as the test prepared by the Executive to govern the College of Organists, (Canada).

Concerning the awkward attempt at sarcasm and patronage, as contained in the lengthy paragraph concluding Mr. Fisher's effusion, we can afford to be generous.

Sincerely yours,

A. S. VOGT,
Sec.-Treas. C. O. (Canada).

349 Jarvis street, Toronto, January 6, '90.

*To the Editor of Saturday Night:*

SIR,—Several effusions having appeared in the columns of your paper, reflecting upon the promoters of the Canadian College of Organists, I beg to say that satisfactory proof can be furnished at any time—to impartial and disinterested parties—as to the ability and general qualifications of those taking the initiative in the movement. It is obvious that no good result could accrue from entering into a controversy with writers who have assumed a position of antagonism to the Canadian College, as they have acted upon premature and incorrect conclusions. They, therefore, need not expect it.

The Canadian College of Organists—which must be judged upon its merits—will endeavor to make its work of such practical value, that its graduates will not only be able to pass theoretical examinations, but also acquire the ability to satisfactorily perform the duties belonging to the organist's position, and by holding the same long enough to show this beyond doubt—prove the right to be recognized in such capacity. This result is not always attained, even though the foreign examination be passed, and though a string of titles may be used as in the case of the writer whose letter appears in SATURDAY NIGHT, January 4, 1890. It may interest some of your musical readers to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the enclosed article on the tendency of musical examination in England, written by Dr. Frost, F.C.O. (England), and I therefore enclose it, but from which, in closing, I take the following quotation: "First of all, it should be assumed that, in the art world of music, everyone who aspires to a knowledge of it should do so for its own sake, and with no desire to pass examinations. Those who do otherwise are not worthy the name of musicians, and, in the true sense of the word, can never be real artists."

F. H. TORRINGTON,
Pres. College of Organists (Canada).

Toronto, January 6, 1890.

P. S.—I enclose a list of organists holding the leading positions in Canada, who are amongst the founders of the Canadian College of Organists. F. H. T.

J. E. P. Aldous, B.A. (Cantab), organist Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton; E. A. Bishop, organist English Cathedral, Quebec; Dingley Brown, A.C.O. (England), L. Mus., L.C.M., F.S.S.A. (London), organist Christ Church, conductor Philharmonic Society, Ottawa; Horton Corbett, Ass. Mus., Trinity College, London, organist Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal; Arthur Davey, organist First Methodist Church, St. Thomas; E. R. Doward, organist Church of Ascension, Toronto; W. E. Fairclough, F.C.O. (England), organist St. George's Church, Montreal; C. A. E. Harris, organist St. James the Apostle, Montreal; T. C. Jeffers, organist Central Methodist Church, Toronto; J. H. Jones, organist Trinity Church, St. Thomas; D. J. O'Brien, organist Catholic Cathedral, Hamilton; A. S. Vogt, organist Jarvis street Baptist Church, Toronto; F. W. Torrington, organist Metropolitan Church, conductor Philharmonic Society, &c., Toronto.

[NOTE.—The enclosure mentioned by Mr. Torrington on Examination Tendencies by C. J. Frost, Mus. Doc., Cantab, F.C.O., is too long for insertion here, but the point our correspondent wishes to make is expressed in the above quotation.]

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Regarding the allusions made to this column I have not much to say at present. I am, however, glad to have afforded amusement to its members last March by my "premature criticism," especially as that criticism had the effect of seriously remodelling the lines upon which the College was proposed to be founded. It is true that both Colleges grant honorary degrees as a special mark of distinction, but it will hardly be claimed that those who received such degrees from the Canadian College are possessed of the same qualifications as have won the English Honorary Fellows their honors. The English College has won for itself the name of being composed of men who, whether by honorary recognition or by examination, have proved themselves to be foremost men in their profession. The Canadian College, by assuming a title identical with that of its English prototype, membership in which is admittedly a higher distinction, is not altogether free from the suspicion of wishing to benefit by the use of the magic letters F. C. O., rendered famous by the older institution.

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A plan of affiliation with, or of granting titles through the medium of the English Colleges or its Canadian representatives would have been more dignified and would have been unchallenged. As it is, I have been assured that the "programme" plan was contemplated, and in some instances was made use of. If it was not so, what was the sense of submitting names at all to the examiner? What does he examine? This recommendation pure and simple, and only of the Council as to its own individuals? This question reminds me "that the Diploma of Fellowship (in the Canadian College) be presented to those entitled to the same, upon election or admission, signed by the President and Secretary of the College." Yet the diplomas granted under these conditions by the Canadian College are also signed by the Examiner, although by-law 15 expressly states that these diplomas, by examination—and presumably by examination only—are to be signed by the Examiners. This seems disingenuous. Mr. Torrington's list is not quite complete, and prominent as are its names, the publication of the names of the holders of the distinction of F. C. O. (Canada) would throw further light on the subject. I may add that I do not, by any means, entertain an unfriendly feeling towards the establishment of a Canadian College of Organists; on the contrary I believe that such an institution, properly designed and properly conducted, would do infinite good in affording a stimulus to organists to prepare themselves to win its distinctions, but it must be entirely free from the suspicion of primarily conferring its honors on the mutual admiration system, and then putting up an examination fence against those not so admitted. METRONOME.

## The Drama.

The very successful opening of the Kendals in A Scrap of Paper at the commencement of last week was not only continued but grew even better as the week advanced. The Ironmaster seemed to be the favorite play here as with the cities of the United States. The Kendals will come again.

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Burnt cork held the boards the first three evenings of this week at the Grand. This branch of the show-business is indigenous to the southern part of this continent where the African was and is such an important factor in social life. There, under the lash of slavery, were developed the peculiar characters, the strange combinations of light-heartedness and pathetic fidelity through suffering and wrong, that American romance and poetry have made universal. But it was the white man that drew the romance out of the black man's life. It was a Garrison, a Phillips, a Mrs. Stowe who showed us its infinite pathos, its tragedy; and it was the burnt cork negro that gave the world in minstrelsy its sunny side. Though genuine negro minstrels are not unknown, the history of the minstrel stage is made of the biographies of white men.

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Life, seen through the glasses of a refined, imaginative mind becomes romance, and whoever acquaints himself with the romance finds is almost always disappointed with the reality. The romantic surroundings which have been given to Southern negro life by those who have pictured it in song and story, were no exception to the rule, and the heroic negro was probably as difficult to find as the heroic Indian of Fenimore Cooper. Away back, at the end of the last century and the commencement of this, negro minstrelsy first became an entity. The rude melodies, and still ruder words, of the negro ballads were the basic material, and on these, as the art advanced, were reared those plaintive and touching melodies that are known and sung all around the world. It was one of these that caused Thackeray to write: "I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess I listened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and, behold, a vagabond, with a corked face and a banjo, sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity." It is this wild note in negro minstrels that has touched the hearts of all humanity, from Uncle Tom's Cabin to the Swanee River, Old Kentucky Home, Come Where Love Lies Dreaming and many others.

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The present day minstrel show has partially lost that distinctive character which marked its origin. They are drifting away from the Old Kentucky Home and now we have A Crusader's Love Song, that would not be out of place in an opera, or topical songs that may be funny and taking, but which are as far from the original spirit of the burnt-cork stage as Othello is from The Poor Relation.

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Mr. Cleveland's company which played here this week has for its leading men, Hughey Dougherty, a veteran in the burnt cork line, Billy Emerson, another well-known and popular singer, and Burt Shepard. These are supported by a well-assorted and strong company of singers and specialty performers. The juggling, top spinning and acrobatic feats of the Japanese members of the company were an admirable feature and a satisfactory climax to a very pleasant performance.

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The performances of Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Grand and Effie Ellsler at the Academy of Music, which fill in the last three nights of the week, I am unable to notice at length in this paper.

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Mr. E. H. Sothern will play at the Grand Opera House the first three days of next week. On Monday and Tuesday evenings Lord Chumley, and on Wednesday The Highest Bidder will be the bill. Mr. Sothern's talent is well enough known here now to ensure the success of the engagement. With his enthusiasm and his added experience his work has probably improved since his last appearance here.

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The manager of the Academy of Music announces for next week the great London and New York comedy success, Our Flat. This play is without doubt a first class comedy and with such artists as Mr. H. B. Conway and Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault in the leading *roles* should be a strong attraction.

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Pat Rooney and his daughter Katie, with a long "a," have been chirping their Irish songs and dancing their Irish jigs at the Toronto Opera House all this week. The name of the piece played by them and their company is Pat's New Wardrobe. But despite his new wardrobe Pat still remains the same old, original, imperturbable Pat and that is all the public want. The wardrobe, moreover, is not much to boast about as its constituent parts do not cling very closely, or harmoniously together. But it serves its purpose as well, though it is contained in a red handkerchief slung on the end of Pat's blackthorn, as a lady's capacious saratoga. Pat Rooney is an excellent low-comedy Irishman, while Katie is a pert and piquant soubrette of capable parts, though still somewhat undeveloped. The singing and musical specialties of the Quaker City Quartette, comprising Messrs. Laird, Ernest, Pieri and Graham were well taken.

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Next week Go-Won-go-Mohawk, the Indian actress, will appear again at this house. The patrons of Western melodrama have not yet forgotten the thrilling performance given by Go Won-go last season and will be attracted to the Toronto next week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On New Year's Day Mr. H. R. Jacobs of New York, manager of twenty-two theaters in different parts of the United States and Canada and of the Toronto Opera House here, was presented at his Clark street theater, Chicago, with a $3,200 solitaire diamond, a gift from the attaches of the different theaters under his management.

New Yorkers are charmed with Richard Mansfield's Richard the Third, especially with the stage fixings and costuming. It is said that the fight in the last act is the very acme of realism. The combatants are clad in heavy armor using their broadswords as offensive weapons only, and parry the adversary's blows with a buckler. In those days the blade was not sword and shield both. It is said the whacks on the armor sound as if inspired by the ferocity of mediæval times. His presentation of Ibsen's play, A Doll's House, fell very flat in New York, however. This play was successful in Boston and the fact of its being "slated" by New York critics inspires a Boston critic to remark that if the New York critics have written of the play according to their understanding of it, they must be as dense a set of fellows as exist, while if they have spoken not according to their understanding they have outlisted themselves ridiculously. The New York opinion is the one which will prevail, notwithstanding the applause of cultured Boston.

Native dramatic authorship seems destined to "oust" French adaptations from the American stage, to a very large extent, at any rate. This will scarcely be lamented by many. Messrs. H. C. DeMille and David Belasco, who, with Bronson Howard, are considered the most successful of American dramatists, recently signed a contract with Daniel Frohman for a new play. They received five thousand dollars as a preliminary fee and have gone to spend the winter in North Carolina, where they will work on it. It will be put on to follow Shenandoah, Bronson Howard's successful play.

Joe Flynn of Rochester is the author of the celebrated ballad which is in everybody's mouth these days, Down Went McGinty. He says he wrote it in half an hour after he got the chorus into his head, and that when it was finished he thought very little of it himself and his partner nothing of it at all. But when it was tried it "caught on" in many another silly thing and now McGinty will go tumbling all around the world.

The great dramatic event of the week has been Bernhardt's impersonation of Jeanne d'Arc in Paris. The great tragedienne excited her audience to the highest pitch of excitement and seemed to live rather than act the part.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, having got his Gondoliers well launched, is going to try a little life on the ocean wave himself, by floating out on a trip to India.

Denman Thompson's father was recently married at Swansea, New Hampshire. The father of the famous Uncle Josh was eighty-two and the bride eighty years of age. It may be supposed that the young couple will live at The Old Homestead.

### What He Drew.

"Yes, the other fellow had the best hand at first. It was regular poker. I had only two pair and he had threes—"

"But you said you took the pile."

"Certainly. It was draw poker."

"Oh! And you drew—"

"Yes."

"What?"

"My gun."

"Oh! Well, I don't care for any Leadville poker."—*Leadville Herald-Democrat.*

### Gotham's Macs.

Pride of the Family—Ma, who is this Mac everybody is talking about?

Exemplary Parent—Everybody! my child! I hope you don't hear Blanche and Gladys talking about him.

"O, yes, I do. I think they said MacGinty."

Parent—O, dear no; it isn't MacGinty, its McAllister. How could you make such a mistake.—*N. Y. Truth.*

### Nell.

*For Saturday Night.*

With pleasure great do I recall
The mild October haze,
When you and I together, Nell,
Spent many happy days.

We wandered far o'er hill and dale,
O'er stubble-land and mead,
We recked not of the distance, Nell,
Time's flight we did not heed.

The whirring grouse it was our aim
To hunt with keen delight,
Oft did our rambles lead us far
Into the silent night.

At noon beside some bubbling spring
We'd take a brief respite,
And, as we shared our frugal meal,
We'd wish it the lark's low flight,

Then once again o'er upland wide,
With joyous steps, we'd roam,
And not until black darkness fell
Thought we at all of home.

But now the wintry blasts have come,
A white shroud clothes the land,
The golden hues has yielded to
The ice-bound stream.

And, as beside the fire I sit,
Your head upon my knee,
Your deep brown eyes fixed on my face,
Looking so lovingly,

I wonder if those days, dear Nell,
Will e'er again return,
And if our hearts in unison
With the old fire will burn.

I stroke your head, you wag your tail,
The hope we'll not give up!
Next fall grouse we'll hunt once more,
My lovely setter pup! W.

### A Memory.

*For Saturday Night.*

Down in the valley, Evening drew
Her twilight skirts about her feet,
In upper air the sweet rooks flew
With sudden cries and pinions fleet.
While droning bees hung drowsily,
Where sweet wild thyme lay dewy wet,
We stood in sunlight, you and I,
On old Creech Hill in Somerset.

Down in the valley, Evening drew
Her twilight skirts about her knees,
In circling crowds the swift rooks flew
To darkening nests in stately trees.
O'er Devon's shades I saw the line,
Where silver sky and ocean met,
And felt your hand laid soft on mine,
On old Creech Hill in Somerset.

Down in the valley, Evening drew
Her twilight mantle o'er her breasts,
The bluebells bent their dainty heads,
The rooks lay sleeping in their nests,
The silver star grew dark and dull,
But all entranced, we lingered yet,
Each tongue was tied, each heart was full
On old Creech Hill in Somerset.

Down in the valley, Evening drew
Her twilight veil above her head,
The shadows up the hillside grew,
Until the last fair beam had fled.
Ten years have rolled between us, dear,
Long small they roll, ere I forget
That hour, in summer time of year,
On old Creech Hill in Somerset.

GRACE E. D.

### An Old-Fashioned Love Song.

Tell me what within her eyes
Makes the forgotten Spring arise,
And all the day, if kind she looks,
Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks;
Tell me why, if but her voice
Falls on man's ears, their souls rejoice;
Tell me why, if only she
Doth come into the companie
All spirits straight enkindled are,
As if a moon lit up a star.

Tell me what is writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

Tell me why the foolish wind
Is to her tresses ever kind,
And only blows them in such wise
As lands to view her eyes and surprise;
Tell me why no changing year
Can change from Spring, if she appear
Tell me why to see her face
Begets in all folk elsa a grace
That makes them fair, as live of her
Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
Alone across the fields of snow,
All fancies of the Springs of old
Within a lover's breast grow bold;
Tell me why, when her he sees,
Within him stirs an April breeze;
And all that in his secret heart
Most sacredly was set apart,
And most was hidden, then awakes
At the sweet joy her coming makes.

Tell me what is writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

H. C. BUNNER in *Scribner's Magazine*

### In the Cool Woodland.

*(See Illustration.)*

No picture drawn from fancy,
But a woodland scene I know,
Where blue skies are April breezes
In the days of long ago.

A torrent, roaring downwards,
Springs from the mountain-wall,
And through the tree-girt valley
Hurries from fall to fall.

It hurls itself high-rearing
And paints the rocks with foam,
Then, like a race-horse, leaps them
In mad delirious roam.

The timorous roebucks listen,
But dare not venture near,
For the sound of that reckless rushing
Strikes with a gruesome fear.

The lofty tree-tops mutter,
"Why break ye our repose
With the humming of your rapids
And the clashing as of foes?"

Then murmur back the waters,
"We burst a passage free,
Drawn by an ardent longing,
Down to our parent-sea!"

## Noted People.

William Allingham, the poet, is dead.

Marion Crawford and his wife are wintering in Washington.

Edgar Saltus has neuralgia. He is in London, and finds in morphia the only relief possible.

Rose Terry Cook seldom does any writing now, and is confined to her room many days at a time.

Queen Louise of Denmark, the mother of the Princess of Wales, has just passed her seventy-second birthday.

Geo. W. Bangay, author of The Creeds of the Bells, is prostrated with paralysis at his home near Brooklyn.

The Empress of Japan has just taken possession of her new palace, which has cost four million dollars. She proposes to visit America next spring.

Among the prominent Americans who were decorated with the French Cross of the Legion of Honor, on account of their inventive genius, were Edison and Nathaniel Wheeler of sewing machine fame.

Rev Edward Bradley of Worcestershire died a few weeks ago. He was the author of Verdant Green, a book which found much favor forty years ago. He attached to it the pen-name of Cuthbert Bede.

The Pope is much better. He has been out for a walk in the Vatican gardens, leaning on the arms of a couple of cardinals. He does a great deal of business—enough indeed to quite tire out his secretaries and attendants.

"Princess Beatrice skates well," is the announcement made by a London society paper. She is stout, but graceful in movement, and skimmed over the ice in the Home Park with the joyousness of a girl half her years.

Sophie, Crown Princess of Greece, is astonishing and delighting others with her artistic talent. She spends several hours each day in drawing and painting Athenian art treasures, while not a few of the Christmas gifts which went to Berlin were of her own artistic handiwork.

On Christmas day President and Madame Carnot gave a grand party at the Elysee. Covers were laid for 500 guests. But they were not the *elite* of the gay capital. The invitees were poor children, who had for once at least a hearty dinner, an evening's amusement and souvenirs in the way of gifts.

Zola is hard at work. Two more books are required to complete the series, of which La Bete Humaine is the latest publication. The much criticized Frenchman will then devote his attention to the production of original plays; that is to say, plays which are to be written expressly for the stage—not adaptations from his works.

Patti puts the very best face on the matter when she jestingly alludes to her bleached hair. She, by the way, calls it red, which is an indication of decided originality and frankness on the part of the fair diva. She says that being in mourning for Carlotta, she was obliged to do it, for with "black gowns, black hair and great black eyes, I looked like a funeral."

Miss Miokossevitch, a Russian girl only seventeen years of age, is the first of her sex to make the ascent of Mount Ararat. Her brother gave out after he had reached a height of 14,000, and her father stopped exhausted at 16,750, but the girl kept on with the guides until she reached the top, 16 917 feet. There she suffered so intensely from the cold that the guides had to carry her down.

Susan B. Anthony declares that forty years ago a woman could not go into court to testify. She tells an amusing story of a woman whose false teeth were a misfit. The dentist, after the manner of dentists, pronounced them perfect. The husband took the case into the courts, and the judge would not allow a woman to testify. The story loses in its retelling the fine scorn and amusing self-satisfaction with which Miss Anthony could so ably double its interest.

*On dit* about Naples that the Prince is to marry Princess Clementine of Belgium. Those who know, however, say that the lady is unlike most of the personages of rank, quite able to please herself in the matter. No parental authority hurries her into a matrimonial venture; no pressing money matters force her to decide upon a husband, and "the fair Princess is apt to remain," says *Modern Society*, "in maiden meditation fancy free.

Under the heading "Boston's Pride," Wm. Dean Howells is thus spoken of in *Once a Week*: "William Dean Howells is possessor of mustache, and was born in an Ohio log cabin, of German-Welsh ancestry, three and fifty years ago, less three months and a half. He has been mistaken for Bronson Howard; thinks French novels too utterly naughty, and helped to set in type President Zachary Taylor's inaugural message. He perpetrated a five-act, blank verse Roman tragedy at the age of eleven, which was pardonable under the circumstances, and a life of Rutherford B. Hayes, at the age of forty, which was not. His favorite author is Cervantes, and he opines that Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope and Thomas Hardy are the greatest English novelists—which opinion nobody thinks worth disputing, if it amuses him. He cherishes a sneaking regard for Venice, where he was Consul for four years, and for the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was editor for ten. He writes one thousand legible words every day, and has them type-written over and over again, until they are purged of error; yet while he never indulges in heavy villains or ideal heroes, his audience is world-wide, and he lives in Boston."

## Summum Bonum.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea,
Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl,—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

BROWNIE.

## The Old Tree on the Peak.

The old tree on the Peak has gone at last. The wind blew it down early on Thursday morning, when the storm was raging. The old tree had become historic. It was a landmark. Tales of love were told under its shade and the names of lads and lasses now grown to men and women's estate were carved on it many years ago, when the world was younger. And many a name has been carved on it since. But it has gone at last, toppled over and ended, and no more will the lads and lasses sit under its umbrageous shade and carve their names on its bark. Some of the names that were carved on the old tree were afterwards carved in the history of the country and under its shade in the days that are gone have sat such men as William Lyon McKenzie, the Ralphs, the Lesslies, Robert Spence and others of whom the world learned more than the mere names that were carved on the old tree at the Peak. In the hot days, when the sun was shining strong and all nature was sweltering, the old tree afforded a cool retreat, with its waving branches, which nodded at the houses down in the valley, as if it were bidding them good-morning. This was in the days of long ago, and many a sad-hearted youth saw the old tree at the Peak for the last time as he took leave of the old town and wended his way sorrowfully enough to a new field of labor. Its bending branches, as the old tree stood on the brow of the Peak, waved a sad good-bye to him, and the tree itself seemed to stand on tip toe to get a last look at one who was setting off to seek his fortunes and who might never return to the dear old home. But the old tree grew older and older; how old it was nobody knows, for the time came when its last branch was lopped off by the wind and its bark covering disappeared and it stood a silent sentinel, bare, cold and inhospitable. What changes the old tree at the Peak must have seen as it kept watch over the town from its place on the citadel through all these years! Men and women have lived, loved and died, the murmur of whose voices the old tree has heard in the years that are no more, while others who have gone to distant lands will carry in their minds the memory of the Peak, as they stood with their hand on the old tree, looking on the panorama of smiling fields and comfortable hamlets lying in the valley below, with Hamilton a little way off, resting dreamily with its feet in the silver waters of Burlington bay and it head nestling in the foliage of the mountain in the background. The old tree has not lived to see the beginning of another New Year. The grim old sentinel has fallen, and when those who lived their early lives in Dundas return in later years they will shade their eyes from the sun with their hands and look in vain for a glimpse of the old tree that stood so silently on the brow of the Peak, distinct against the horizon as long as the oldest among us can remember. It was the last thing that the sun touched with light as it sank to rest behind the hill and now that it has gone its place looks lonely and deserted, as if some human thing had departed. Its very departure was worthy of it. It did not fall in the happy summer time, when all about was glad and lightsome, but fell in the winter's night, going down with a crash amid the roar of the storm and the rush of the wind, like a warrior that faces death amid the booming of cannon and the flying of the flag he fights for. The generation before us that lived its life like the rest of us, with its share of sunshine and shadow; it has thirsted for rain as the human heart thirsts for love and companionship; in the olden time it was wooed by the sun and kissed by the gentle breezes that set every leaf trembling with new-born passion; the birds sat in its branches and lulled it to sleep with their songs till not a leaf stirred; and it passed from the days of youth and beauty to the days of old age, when its branches fell away one by one and it was left stripped and barren and cold, and when the storm came its strength deserted it, the rough wind beat against it in the night, and at last the old sentinel surrendered, and when familiar eyes looked in the morning it was gone.—*A. F. Pirie in Dundas Banner.*

## 'Varsity Chat.

By the time these lines behold the light of day the second stage of the year's journey will have been fully entered upon, with all of us in the running. At the time of writing there are a few students carelessly handling the periodicals and fewer in the library reading room; the corridors as yet are all but vacant. In the course of a flying visit the other day I noticed a few changes. The additions which have been put to the School of Science have taken to themselves a roof and a square tower. The general appearance of the building from the southeastern road is improved by the eastern front. Across the road workmen are engaged in tearing down the last remains of that classic pile, Moss Hall. This operation suggested many thoughts which were pleasant to me as one whom these places must soon know no more, but I spare the gentle reader. Luckily I was in time to secure from the old wall one of the bricks which bears the marks of some past undergraduate's busy knife—a substantial forget-me-not which I shall cherish.

Dr. Pike announces that it will be impossible for him to commence lectures until January 13.

The conversazione committee has been struck and preparations will begin at once for the great event. The date is not yet announced, but doubtless the public will have notice sufficiently long to enable them to crowd the building to overflowing, as usual.

At the Literary Society on Friday evening the mock parliament which has been on all tongues for a few weeks became a fact. Next Friday the programme will be of the ordinary kind. Mr. J. E. Jones, B. A., '83, will sing. Mr. A. A. Macdonald, '90, is down for a reading. The subject selected for debate is: Resolved that the licensing power should be taken out of the hands of the Provincial Government and given to the county councils.

Mr. C. Watson, who formerly belonged to the classical class of '90, having returned to college, will write on his third year exam. in the spring.

Mr. J. A. Ferguson, B. A., '87, is studying law with Messrs. Haverson & St. John, in the city.

NEMO.

## Home.

"Dot," said Darby the other evening. There are so many ways of saying words, such infinite varieties of voice, tone and inflection that one learns to run over the elocutionary points of a word almost before one answers. This abrupt form of communication together with the diminutive "Dot," and a twinkle in Mr. Clare's eye decided me that the question about to be put was puzzling.

I was all attention. Instead of proceeding at once, Darby leaned forward and insinuated the poker into a mass of flaming coal, ostensibly to increase the glow, really to work off the energy born of a superabundance of happiness.

My listening attitude was all lost up in him, so I asked, after a moment, "What is it?"

"What," he began slowly, still plying the poker, "is your definition of a home?"

Candidly, I had never considered the manufacture of any set phrase or sentence, and I began to think a little as to what a home really is.

F. W. Robertson says that home "is the one place where hearts are sure of each other."

That came to my mind. Its delicate suggestion of perfect trust touched me, and I liked the sensitiveness shown in such a definition.

Then came Ruskin's sage counsel regarding homes. Into them, he says, the outer world with its wickedness, perplexity and care should not enter. If it does, he gravely asserts that the abode is not a home, but "only a piece of the outer world which you have roofed over and lighted a fire in."

Oh, the coldness, the desolateness and the publicity of the roofed-in outer world! Keep the world out, if he will steal the warmth from homes!

I repeated the little word—home. I thought of all it meant to me. Measured with my heart, I found the edges were even.

Gilding and coloring, wealth and taste can never make a home. It requires that crowning piece—priceless, loving sympathy for its true perfection.

I thought of the throbbing world-wise life, its follies, its disappointments, its miseries and temptations; and then of the home where we should lay aside the day's burdens, and enter into the enjoyment and rest of social life in its highest form.

The sanctity of the home-life is one element which needs watchful consideration, for if wickedness is carried into it, its purity is polluted. I like to think of a home spotless in its perfect goodness, not wanting in those things which conduce to physical and mental well-being, not ostentatious, truly hospitable and restful.

People make mistakes about homes, in common with all else, and to me, the shifting, dissatisfied unrest, is the cause of much evil.

To so many the home life is the entire life, that it must be a varied and a prudently-controlled one, to cherish the graceful virtues and to foster and develop the practical ones.

Common sense, mutual respect and perfect sympathy should cut it out of the question that there should be at one time more than one angry person in one house.

It is not wise to carry fixed and unalterable opinions and cast iron rules into home-life. I cannot prevent myself from thinking in this connection of our lake. In storms it hurls clouds of spray, and turbulent foam-tipped waves against high banks or over resisting breakwaters; while it rolls up on shelving pebbled shores, robbed of half its fury.

Yielding is, in many cases, the highest form of decision. It is a strength of will stronger than opposition. It is a controlling and guiding force beyond the power to admit the correctness of another's argument, or the feasibility of another's plan. I admire force of character. I do not admire a dogged disposition, which is a tyrant alike to the appeals of love or the counsels of wisdom. The force which weaves through the perplexed pattern of home life is strongest yet most subtle thread, is a delicate combination of "I will," and "as you will."

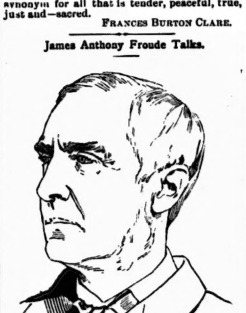
This city houses many homeless ones, if we cling to a real definition of home. It should not be.

The grand old word which has roamed with exiles in foreign lands, filled lonely eyes with love-drawn tears, throbbed in the best part of our hearts, and trembled with unmeasurable pathos on dying lips, should never be degraded.

It should pulse on throughout the ages, the synonym for all that is tender, peaceful, true, just and—sacred.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

## James Anthony Froude Talks.



As Mr. Froude rose to greet me I found myself in the presence of a tall, handsome, and singularly genial man who told me that he was seventy one years old and who did not look a day more than sixty one. Having asked me to be seated, Mr. Froude said: "Well, what are we to talk about? I am afraid I have nothing to tell you save a history of confusion. But I place myself unreservedly in your hands."

How it had chanced that on the previous night I should come across these curious lines, so descriptive, as it were, of current opinion:

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now;
There will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

They still rang in my ears, rather hopeless, rather dreary, and so I said to Mr. Froude, "Now how about The Nemesis of Faith? and how far do you think this age of fact, of scepticism, this altogether New Era can reconcile itself or be reconciled to the simple faith of a bygone day?" "Ah, yes;" sighed Mr. Froude, with a thoughtful smile playing over his face, "My poor Nemesis of Faith! you know they deprived me of my Fellowship for that book and burned it publicly in the common Hall." I paused a moment as the scene came vividly before my eyes from out the mist of years. One did not of course know who was present, but one could picture the old hall, the dim, religious light, and the faces round lit up by the flickering flames that destroyed the outcome of an honest doubt, the strivings after the eternal truth. One saw the grand, awful head of Maurice, and Kingsley, keen and eager, and Keble and Pusey, hard and ecclesiastical, would be there too, and Matthew Arnold and Arthur Clough, and behind all the thoughtful, splendid face of Newman, but in each face, oh! how great a pathos, in each face how strong the longing for certainty, rest, for the peace of eternal assurance; and then the flames of persecution died down, the mist of superstition faded away, and one came back to—Mansfield College, modern thought, the New Era, and I roused myself to hear Mr. Froude saying: "And only very recently they have asked me to return as an honorary member of my college"—and—he had conquered!

We then plunged earnestly into the old and burning questions. "At first undoubtedly I was much carried away by the earnestness and romance of Tractarianism, but Carlyle was too strong for me in the end. He influenced me entirely. Indeed, he shook me altogether in Revelation. Carlyle, you know, was intensely religious; in spite of all science he was never shaken himself. Remember this: a man of genius is tired of always breaking down. He wants to find Truth, not fault. Take Goethe, for instance: he was thoroughly constructive. But nowadays it is all disintegration. Science will not do humanity much good, in these matters at all events. It won't construct. It doesn't touch human nature. It is quite outside of it. Science only deals with generals, but religion goes to the heart of the individual; and so I feel that on this basis religion is absolutely impregnable against all the assaults of science. Superstition is far stronger than science. Now the tendency is so to endeavor to mix the two up, that for an outsider like myself there is nothing left but the philosophical attitude of agnosticism. Religion is a sense of responsibility to the Power that made us; Conscience and Intellect could not grow up in us had not the Supreme Being possessed them in a far greater degree first. I do feel so strongly that we are not the mere accidental products of matter. We are here with intention, by purpose, although we may apparently have been left too much to ourselves. You may take my word for it, however, that all that is grand, sublime, of benefit to the race, has come out of Faith and not out of scepticism. Scepticism never yet did any grand or noble work. And all the while this life of ours is hurrying on, and one asks oneself what it all is. Sometimes it is a spot of sunlight traveling over a dark ground, sometimes it is the black shadow of a single cloud, the one speck in the great ocean of light—one wonders which, after all, human life is.

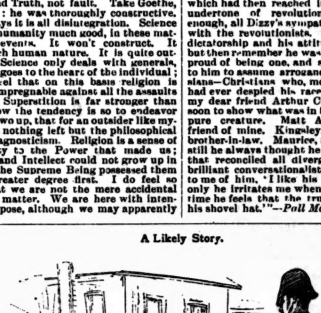
"Some reminiscences? Well, I have known so many. It is difficult to evolve individualities from so great a cloud of witnesses. The great souls who will remain long after others are forgotten of this century, at all events, will, I think be Tennyson, Dickens, and Carlyle. Dickens was so thoroughly right-minded and healthy. I can well remember Emerson dining in Oriel Common room, and I said to Matt Arnold, 'Whom does he remind you of?' He replied, 'Why, Newman, of course.' The same clear, intellectual expressions, no illusions; yet over all the American cast of thought, manner, and expression. And so in their minds existed the same similarity. Emerson and Newman fixed on what is the real truth of this wonderful existence of ours. Curiously enough Carlyle never could endure Newman. 'He hasn't,' he once declared to me in his broad Scotch, 'he hasn't the intellect of a rabbit.' I knew Disraeli slightly; no, my life of him is not even begun; I am busy seeing his friends. He greatly interests me. 'Lothair' is remarkable. You know the book of course? Have you ever noticed that beneath his splendid picture of the aristocracy, which had then reached its acme, there is the undertone of revolution!—and, curiously enough, all Dizzy's sympathies in that book are with the revolutionists. I much disliked his dictatorship and his attitude towards Russia; but then remember he was a Jew, and intensely proud of being one, and so think what it was to him to assume arrogance towards the Russians—Christians who, more than any other, had ever despited his race. I must not forget my dear friend Arthur Clough. He died too soon to show what was in him. A simple, true, pure creature. Matt Arnold, too, a great friend of mine. Kingsley, you know, was my brother-in-law. Maurice, a fine moral nature, still he always thought he had a superior creed that reconciled all divergencies. He was a brilliant conversationalist. Carlyle once said to me of him, 'I like his books well enough; only he irritates me when I think that all the time he feels that the truth exists only under his shovel hat.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## Wantabatha.

*For Saturday Night.*

Tenting in her brown topp'd tepee
'Mong the willows, by the river,
Near the little town of Brandon,
Brandon out in Manitoba,
Lived the Sioux squaw, Wantabatha,
Wantabatha—cashpspay—wanitchie,
Camped she out beyond the village
Of the "Sioux boys" and the maidens;
And in summer and in winter,
When the camp fires glemmed or darkened,
Still her camp smoke curled up skyward
All unmixed with smoke of wigwams.
Little had she but her tepee,
Six Indian hunters and two earrings
And one motto, "Go a move on,"
But she had a scheme for roping,
Quickly roping in the shekels
Of the blooming English chappie
And the tenderfoot from down east.
Buffalo horns made she from cows' horns
Darkened with the dusk of lamp black
Joined between with skin of rabbits,
And she called them "Washtay Buf'lo,"
Likewise sold them for a dollar.
But the fake that made her famous,
Brought her shekels, independence,
Was in sitting or in standing
For her photograph in comp'ny
With the chappies who were anxious
To be thought "at home" as cowboys,
Wi'ked, life-destroying cowboys,
Or at least as Injun fighters.
So she bound her head with k rchief,
Which had never seap upon it;
Stuck three turkey feathers upward;
Streaked her face with paint and red paint;
Borrowed knife from photograph man
And was photographed as Big Bear
Or as Sitting Bul or War Cloud.
And the folks at home said, "Bless us
What a bold man is our Wyndham,
Is our Charles Augustus Wyndham,"
And the maiden said, "a dollar."

S. HUNTER.



A Likely Story.

Policeman—Say, boy where did you get that dog?
Boy—Santy Claus put it in my stockin'!—*Life.*

# A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Evandale made some polite but slightly incoherent rejoinder, to which nobody listened, for the general's attention was at that moment completely monopolized by Enid, who, on feeling his arm around her, suddenly hid her white face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Oh, uncle," she sobbed, "you are so kind—so good! Forgive me!"

"Forgive you, my dear? There is nothing to forgive!" said the astonished general, in a slightly reproving tone. "Of course I do not like your staying out so late on a winter afternoon, but you need not make such a fuss about it, my child. You must control yourself—control yourself, you know. There, there—don't cry! What will Mr. Evandale think of you? Why, bless me, Evandale has gone! Well, well, you need not cry—I am not angry at all—only stop crying—there's a good girl!"

"Say you forgive me, uncle!" moaned Enid, heedless of his rather disconnected remarks, which certainly had no bearing at all on the dilemma forced upon her by the nature of Mrs. Meldreth's confession.

"Forgive you, my dear! Why, of course, I do! You're a little upset, are you not? But you must not give way like this—it'll never do—never do," said the general, patting her on the back benevolently. "There now—dry your eyes, like a good girl; and I think I hear the carriage in the lane, so we must be going. You're no idea how anxious Florence's poor dear Flossy has been all the afternoon."

He was pleased to see that her tears were checked. She raised herself from his shoulder and brushed away the salt drops with which her cheeks were wet; but she sobbed no longer, and sat stood perfectly still and calm. He was not a man of keen observation; and, if the cold white look which suddenly overspread her countenance had any meaning, it was not one that he was likely to read aright.

A servant brought the intelligence that the carriage was at the door, and shortly afterwards the rector appeared. He had slipped away when Enid burst into tears, hoping she might confide to the general what she had refused to confide to him; but a glance at the faces of the two told him that his hopes had not been realized. The kindly complacency which characterized the general's countenance was undisturbed, while Enid's face bore the impress of mingled perplexity and despair. It seemed to Maurice Evandale that each expression would have been changed if Enid had bared her heart to her uncle. He did not know—he could not even guess—what her secret was; but he instinctively detected the presence of trouble, perhaps of danger.

The two men parted very cordially; for the general was deterred from seeing much of the rector only by Mrs. Vane's dislike of him, and his kindly feeling was all the more effusive because he had so few opportunities of expressing it. Enid took leave of the rector with a look, a wan little smile, which touched him inexpressibly.

"You have part of my secret," it seemed to say. "Help me to bear the burden; I am weak and need your aid." He vowed to himself that he would do all that a man could do—all that she might ever ask. But Enid was quite unconscious of having made that mute appeal.

She lay back in a corner of the carriage, saying she was too tired to talk. The general had her in peace, but took one of her little hands and held it tenderly between his own. He could not imagine why it trembled so and fluttered so much, why once it seemed to drag itself away. The poor girl must be quite overdone, he thought to himself; she was far too kind, too tender-hearted to go among those the village people and witness all their woes; she was not strong enough to do such work—he must speak to Flossy about it. And, while he was thus thinking, the carriage turned in at the park gates and presently halted at the great front door. The servants came forth to assist the general, who was a little stiff in his joints now and then; and he, in his turn, gave an arm to Enid as she alighted. The old butler looked at her curiously as she entered, and stood for a moment, dazed and bewildered, in the hall. Miss Enid was always pale, but he had never seen her look so white and scared. She must be ill, he decided, and especially when she shrank so oddly as he deferentially mentioned his mistress' name.

"My mistress hoped that you would come to her sitting-room as soon as you arrived, ma'am."

She made a strange answer.

"No, no—I cannot—I cannot see her tonight!"

The general was instantly at her side.

"Enid, my dear, what do you mean? Your aunt wants to see you. She won't be vexed with you—I'll make it all right with her," he added, in a lower tone. "She has been terribly anxious about you. Come—I will take you to her room."

"Not just now, uncle—not to-night," said the girl, in a tone of mingled pain and dread. "I—I can't bear it—I am ill—I must be alone now!"

"My dear child, you must go to bed and rest. I'll explain it all to Flossy. She will come to see you.

"No, no—I can't see any one! Forgive me, uncle; I hardly know what I am saying or doing. I shall be better to-morrow. Till then—till then at least I must be left in peace!"

She broke from his detaining hand with something so like violence that the general looked after her in wonder as she ran up-stairs.

"She must be ill indeed!" he murmured thoughtfully to himself, as he wended his way to his wife's boudoir, to make his report to Flossy.

Meanwhile Enid's progress up-stairs was barred for a moment by her little playmate and scholar, Dick, who ran out of his nursery to greet her with a cry of joy. To his surprise and mystification, cousin Enid did not stop to kiss him—did not even give him a pleasant word or smile. With a stifled cry she hastened from his hold, breaking from him as she had broken from the general just before, and sped away to her own room. He heard her turn the key in her door, and, for the first time realizing the enormity of the woe that had come upon him—the unprecedented fact that cousin Enid had been unkind—he lifted up his voice and burst into a storm of sobs which would at any ordinary tit on have brought her instantly to his side to comfort and caress.

But this time Enid either did not hear or did not heed. She was crouching down by the side of her bed, with her face hidden in the coverlet and her hands pressed over her ears, as if to exclude all sound of the world without; and between the difficult pas-lonate sobs by which her whole frame was shaken one phrase escaped from her lips from time to time—a phrase which would have been unintelligible enough to an ordinary hearer, but would have recalled a long and shameful story to the minds of Florence Vane and one other woman in the world.

"Sabina Meldreth's child!" she muttered to herself, not knowing what she said. "How can I bear it! Oh, my poor uncle! Sabina Meldreth's child!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Hubert Lepel had promised to spend Christmas day at Beechfield, but for some unexplained reason he stayed away, sending at the last moment a telegram which his sister felt to be unsatisfactory. Flossy did not often exert herself to obtain a guest; but on this occasion she wrote a rather reproachful letter to her brother, and begged him not to fail to visit them on New Year's Eve. "The general was disappointed," she wrote, "and so was some one else." Hubert thought that she meant herself, felt a thrill of wondering compassion, and accordingly presented himself in the hall on the thirty-first of December.

He saw Flossy alone in her luxurious boudoir before any else knew of his arrival. He thought her looking ill and haggard, and asked after her health. To his surprise, the question made her angry.

"Of course I am not well—I am never well," she answered; "but I am no worse than usual. There is some one else in this house whose appearance you had better inquire after."

"You are fond of talking in riddles. Do you mean the general?" said Hubert drily.

"No, not the general," Florence answered, setting her lips.

Hubert shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject. He had not an idea of what she meant; but when, shortly before dinner, he first saw Enid a light flashed across his mind—Flossy meant that the girl was ill. He had certainly been rather dense and rather unkind, he thought to himself, not to ask after her. And how delicate she was looking! What was the matter with her? It was not merely that she was thinner and paler, but that an indefinable change had come over her countenance. The shadow that had always lurked in her sweet eyes seemed to have fallen at last over her whole face, darkening its innocent candor, obscuring its tranquil beauty; the look of truthfulness and of ignorance of evil had gone. No child-face was it now—rather that of a woman who had been forced to look evil in the face and was troubled and ashamed at the sight. There was no joy in the eyes with which Enid now looked upon the world.

Hubert watched her steadily through the long and elaborate meal which the general thought appropriate to New Year's Eve, noting her weariness, her languor, her want of interest in anything that went on, and could not understand the change. Was this girl—sick apparently in body and mind—the guileless maiden who had listened so much if stirring attention to the stories of his wanderings in foreign lands when he last came down to Beechfield Hall? He tried her with similar tales—they had no interest for her now. She was silent, *distraite*, preoccupied. Still gentle and sweet to everyone, she was no longer bright; smiles seemed to be banished for ever from her lips.

She and Florence scarcely spoke to each other. The general did not seem to notice this fact; but Hubert had not been half an hour in their company before he recognized its force. They must have quarrelled, he said to himself rather angrily—Flossy had probably tried to tyrannize, and the girl had resented her interference. Flossy was a fool; he would speak to her about it. Flossy was fond of authority, and got the truth from her—forgetting for the moment that, if ever a man set himself an impossible task, it was this one of getting the truth from Flossy.

Before dinner was ended, the sound of footsteps, the tuning of instruments, the clearing of voices could be distinguished in the hall. Hubert glanced at his host for explanation, which was speedily given.

"It is the village choir," he said confidentally. "They come on Christmas Eve and on New Year's Eve and sing in the hall. When they have finished, they all have a glass of wine and drink our healths before they go down to supper in the kitchen. It's an old custom.

"And a very disagreable one," said Mrs. Vane calmly. "Your ears will be tortured, Hubert, by the atrocious noise they make. With your permission, Enid and I will go to the drawing-room"; and, glancing at Enid, she rose from her chair.

"My dear Flossy, I entreat of you to stay!" said the general. "You have never gone away before—it would hurt their feelings immensely. I have sent word for Dick to be brought down; I mean them to drink his health with him, the little man! It will be quite a slight to us all if you go away."

Flossy smiled ironically, but she looked at Enid in what Hubert thought a rather peculiar way. He knew his sister's face very well, and he could not but fancy that there was some resemblance in the glance. Enid sat still, looking at the tablecloth before her. Her face had grown perceptibly paler, but she did not move. A little spot of red suddenly showed itself on each of Mrs. Vane's delicate cheeks.

"Well, Enid, what do you say?" she asked, with less languor of utterance than usual. "Do you wish to suffer a purgatory I discord? Come—let us go to the drawing-room; nobody will notice whether we are here or not."

"My dear, I said I wished you to stay," began the general anxiously; but Florence only laughed a little wildly, and beat her fan once or twice upon the table.

"Come, Enid. We have had music enough, surely! You are coming?"

"No, I am going to stay here," said the girl, without raising her eyes. Her tone was exceedingly cold.

Flossy bit her lip, laughed again, and sank back into her chair with an air of would-be indifference.

"If you stay, I suppose I must," she said lightly; but there was a strange glitter in her narrowed eyes, and she bit her lip with her little white teeth so strongly and so sharply as to draw the blood.

"Here comes Dick," said the general, whose placidity was quite restored by his wife's consent to stay—"here he comes! There, my boy—seen uncle Hubert yet? Go and kiss him, and then come back to me and I'll give you some dessert."

The fair-haired little fellow looked smaller and slower than Hubert remembered him. He had very little color in his face, but his eyes lighted up joyfully when he saw the visitor, and he put his arms round Hubert's neck with such evident satisfaction that his uncle felt quite flattered. But, when Dick was perched upon his father's knee, and the singers had struck up their old chant, he was surprised to find that Enid had raised her blue eyes and was steadily regarding him with a searching yet sorrowful look, which seemed as if it would explore the inmost recesses of his soul. For various reasons Hubert felt that he could not long endure that gaze. The best way of stopping it was to return it, and therefore, although with an effort which was almost agonizing, he suddenly looked back into her eyes with a composure and resolute boldness which caused her own very speedily to sink. The color rose to her face, she gave a slight quickly suppressed sigh, and she did not look up again. Puzzled, troubled, vaguely suspicious, Hubert wondered whether his calm reception of her gaze had silenced the doubt of him which he was nearly sure he read in those soft blue eyes. He know that Flossy was watching him and watching her, and he envied the general his guileless enjoyment of all things going on and little Dick's innocent pleasure in what was to him a great and unwonted treat.

When two songs had been sung, with much growling of violins and a general misconception of the functions of a tenor, with a great scraping of violin strings and much want of harmony amongst the 'cellos, the general called the butler and told him to open the door. The dining-room had two wide folding-doors opening into the hall, and, when they were flung open, a motley crowd of faces could be seen. A row of shrill-voiced chorister boys, much muffled up in red comforters, stood foremost; behind them came the singers, men and the performers on instruments—a diverse little crowd of men and youths. In the background, some six or eight singing women and girls presented a half-bold, half-shy appearance, as knowing that they were there on sufferance only, and that it rested with them to do their best to prevent their going out at nights to sing with the village choir. But the general had "backed them up; " he did not like the discontinuance of old customs, a d was inclined to think the rector unduly strict. Accordingly they stood in their accustomed places, but, as most of them felt, probably for the last time on New Year's Eve.

The faces of men and women and children, with one exception, were wreathed in smiles; but that one exception was notable indeed. Hubert, with his trained powers of keen observation, observed a lowering face directly. It was that of a tall young woman neatly dressed in black—a young woman with fair hair curled more her forehead and fairer prominent blue eyes—a coarse-looking girl, he thought, in spite of her pale coloring and sombre garments. Her brows were drawn together, her eyes in an angry frown; she was biting her lip, much as Flossy had been doing, and there was not a gleam of good humor or pleasure in her eyes. Hubert wondered idly why she had come, when she seemed to enjoy her occupation so very little.

The opening of the doors was the signal for a volley of clapping, stamping and shouting. When this was over, the butler and his helpers appeared with trays of well-filled glasses, which were taken by the members of the choir, down to the smallest child present, with great alacrity. The fair-haired young woman alone was once more an exception—she took no wine.

The general filled his own glass and signed to Hubert to do the same for the ladies. He then stood up and proceeded to make his usual New Year's Eve speech. But this time he did what he had never done before—he lifted his glass over the chair in which Dick had been sitting, and made his oration with one arm round little Dick's slender shoulders. To Hubert it seemed a pretty sight. Why did it give no pleasure to Florence and to Enid? Florence's eyes glittered, and a spot of blood was painfully conspicuous on her white lips; but Enid, sitting silent with downcast eyes, was now unusually flushed. A student of character might have said that, while Flossy seemed merely excited, Enid—the timid, delicate, pure-minded Enid—looked ashamed.

"My dear friends," the general began, "I'm very much obliged to you for coming, you know—very much obliged. So are my wife and my niece, and my little boy here—so far as he understands anything about it—very much obliged to you all. You know I ain't much of a speech-maker—' Actions speak louder than words' was always my maxim"—great cheering—"and I take leave to say that I think it's a very good maxim too"—tremendous applause. "My friends, it's the end of one year, and it will soon be the beginning of another. Let's hope that the new year will be better than the last. I don't suppose I shall have many more to spend amongst you, and that is why I wish to introduce—so to speak—my little boy to you. As my son and heir, my friends, he will one day stand in the place which I now occupy, and speak to you perhaps as I am speaking now. I can only ask you to behave as well to him as you have always behaved to me. I trust that he will prove himself worthy of his name and of his race, and that generations yet unborn will bless the day when Beechfield Hall came into the hands of a younger Richard Vane. My friends, if you drink my health to-night, I shall ask you also to drink the health of my boy—to wish him happiness, and that he may prove a better landlord, a better magistrate, and a better man than ever I have been."

There was a tumult of applause, mingled with cries of "No, no!" "Can't be better than you have been, sir!" and "Hurrah for the general!"

Hubert, smiling with pleasure at his host's genial tone, was amazed at the gloom which sat upon the brows of three persons in the room—Florence, Enid, and the woman in black. There was no other likeness between them, but that air of reserve and gravity made them look as if some incommunicable bond, some similarity of feeling or experience, held them back from the general hilarity which surrounded them.

"A happy New Year to you all, my friends!" said the general, in his hearty voice. "Here's to your good healths! There, Dick, my man—drink too, and say, 'A happy New Year to all of you!'"

Little Dick took a sip from his father's glass, and gravely uplifted his childish treble.

"A happy New Year to all of you!" he said; and men and women alike broke out into delighted response.

"Same to you, and many of them!" "Bless his little heart; one of the women was heard to murmur, "he's just the image of his mamma!" But, if she thought to give pleasure by this remark, she was mistaken for all. Mrs. Vane threw so angry a glance in her direction that the woman shrank back aghast; and the girl in black, who stood in the background, laughed between her teeth.

The function was over at last. The choir trooped away to the servants' premises, where a substantial supper awaited them; the general kissed little Dick, and strode away with him to his nurse; and Mrs. Vane rose from the table with an air of studied weariness and disgust.

"Thank Heaven, that is over!" she said. "I am tired to death of the ceremonious nonsense. If we have it another year, I shall say I am ill and go to bed. Come, Enid—let us go to the drawing-room and have some music."

The girl rose and followed obediently; but she vouchsafed no answer to Mrs. Vane's remarks. As the general had disappeared, Hubert thought that he too might as well accompany the ladies to the drawing-room, especially if Enid were about to play. But it did not seem that she was inclined to do so. She sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and leaned her head upon her hand. Flossy established herself in a luxurious lounging chair, and took up a novel. Hubert hesitated for a moment or two, and then went over to Enid's side.

"Are we not to have any music to-night?"

"Have you not had plenty?" she asked, wearily.

"Music! You call that music!"

She did not answer; something in her voice, her attitude, seemed to show that she was shedding tears. He was intensely sorry for her trouble, whatever it might be; but he scarcely knew how to comfort her.

"It would be good for us all if you would sing," he said softly. "We want consoling—strengthening—uplifting."

"Ah, but music does not always do that!" she answered, with a new note of passion in her voice. "When we are happy, music helps us—but not when we are sad."

"Why not?" said Hubert, more from the desire to make her talk than from any wish to hear her view on that particular subject.

But she spoke eagerly in reply, yet softly, so that her words should not reach the ears of the silent, graceful, languid woman by the fire.

"I can't tell why," she said; "but everything is different. Once music delighted me, even when I was sad; it did sad; but now it seems to harrow my very soul. It brings thoughts into my mind of all the misery of the world. If I hear music, I shall cry—I don't know why. Everything is changed."

"My dear child," said Hubert, "you are unhappy!"

"Yes," she said slowly, with a pathetic tremor in the voice—"yes, I am very—very unhappy."

"Can I do nothing at all to make you happier?" he said.

The question was left unanswered.

*(To be continued.)*

**It Was a Cold Night**

Mrs. Kohlrabiket—What on earth are you doing, Clarence?

Mr. Kohlrabiket—Only securing my half interest in bed clothes against possible confiscation this evening.—*Puck.*

**Gotham Girls Gallop**

The sweet girl equestrienne says New York *Sun* is becoming a picturesque feature of New York sweldom, and can be seen every day on her way to the riding school striding along the avenue in draperies that may be thicker but are scarcely less close and satisfactorily suggestive to the admirer of the human form divine than the far-famed clinging, caressing little skirts of Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra—and, it may be added, with scarcely more beneath them. She may be seen trying to mount street cars without tripping over her own boots and getting cast in her one scant, absurd, straight petticoat, which hooks up on one side the back against the hamstring, and fits as closely about the hips as a chorus girl's stockings when stockings and spangles form her entire costume. She is always accompanied by her maid, and her countenance is ennobled by an heroic Jeanne d'Arc determination to appear unconscious of the revelations she is making of her personality to the cold and heartless world which she seldom succeeds in carrying out successfully. On sunny days she rides in the Park with a groom, always discreetly riding far in the rear, where he interferes with none of her little peccadilloes and witching mischievous encounters with the cavaliers she meets along the winding shaded bridle paths, and on rainy mornings she flies around an enclosed tanbark ring with all the dashing grace and fearlessness of a professional bareback rider. It isn't stylish to be timid or nervous, and, though a girl gets white to the lips sometimes with fear during her first few lessons, when, with the riding master's hand against her elbow, and what seems to her a bounding, leaping, rampant earthquake beneath her saddle, she is directly urged forward and round the ring, where other riders dash madly past her and recklessly cross her path, she declares with trembling lips, when it is over, that riding is the most exhilarating, delightful exercise imaginable. Then, if she is wise, she hurries home and hustles herself into the hottest bath she can endure to take the lameness out of her limbs, thanks her Maker that the ordeal is over for that day, and prays for courage and strength for her next lesson.

Riding is in the city an expensive luxury, particularly for a lady who must buy before being ready or equipped for her first lesson a habit of dark cloth which costs at the lowest $50, and a great deal more if made by a tailor and fitted while she sits a real live horse, as most of the best habits are, a tall silk hat or derby, a pair of jersey knickerbockers, boots of finest patent leather at $18 or $20 a pair, and a crop valued at anything from $1 to $30. Now a man violates none of the laws of the social, conventional Medes and Persians if he rides in ordinary street dress with trousers turned up in the leg to fasten beneath the boot, and is most throughly equipped if he substitute leggings and riding knee breeches for the trousers at a cost of less than $20. The habit is the most thoroughly honest and uncompromising garment in a woman's wardrobe.

The Creator's handiwork is supplemented by no disguises of drapery or frills, no ameliorating softening influences of fluff and gauze. Stiff, inflexible and relentless, it defines and emphasizes every curve and line, buttons close and unyielding about a stiff linen collar at the throat, is exasperatingly voracious and specific in detail about the waist and hips, where it fits as close as lover's lips in osculation, and has in general an aggravating Puritanical propensity for telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about a woman's figure that only women blessed with faultless proportions really relish. Twenty habits hanging on hooks are as mutually similar as the same number of pins in a row, but twenty habits frisking about with their wearers moulded or pinned into them are widely dissimilar and wonderfully interesting expressions of the Creator's idea of woman.

**Patti's First Husband.**

The recent death of the Marquis de Caux would not have been noticed in the newspapers had he not been the husband of Patti once, and a bad husband he was. She, like a foolish woman, married him for a title. He married her to be supported for all the world as if he were the daughter of an American railroad magnate or pork packer. The result was that if ever a man Patti gave him her wages, or he seized them in the box office, went to a gambling house, lost them, and back for more because she had no more money to give. One night he came to the theater for cash, and as there was none at hand, he demanded the jewels of Madame la Marquise. Madame was dressed for her part, and as the jewels were part of her costume, she refused to give them up. His Lordship thereupon clenched his fists and began the administration of that form of punishment common among European aristocracy, the New York tenement population and the prize ring, when Nicolini, the tenor, rushed in, seized the sacred person of the Marquis through the portions of his raiment that offered a secure hold, and threw him down stairs. Then the tenor went on and sang his little piece with more than usual spirit. Of course the divorce came, and Patti changed her name to Nicolini afterwards. Whether this person called De Caux found somebody else to live on is not known, for he soon dropped into the oblivion that he merited.

**He Had His Uses.**

"And what do you expect to make of your son when he comes of age, Mr. Quiverfull?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Quiverfull, despondently. "I think he'd make a good husband for a rich girl."


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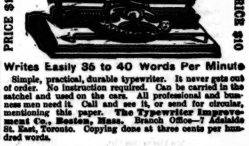

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**Misplaced Sympathy.**

McGuire (as he emerges from the manhole)—Be heavins, Casey! Oi pity dthe poor divils shot are on dthe say in dthis hurricane!—*Puck.*

# THE STORY OF AN ERROR

*By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.*

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

The house parties assembled at Eyncourt, and the autumn days were full of amusement and gaiety. The men went out shooting, the women drove and rode and flirted; and Stanley, with her serene grace, performed her duties to perfection. At Brancepeth Hugh Cameron tried to take up the thread of his life again where it had been broken; but he found the days long and hard to live through, although before his mother he assumed a cheerfulness which filled Nest with admiration. Once Miss Cameron, coming into his room, found him with his head bowed upon his arms, which were crossed upon the table, and, before she could retreat, he looked up with a start.

"I am bearing it badly, Nest," he said, with a faint smile. "I did not know I was such a coward! Ah, I know you are sorry for me, dear!" he added, seeing her eyes fill with tears; I believe my face grieves you more than my mother every hour; but—" He rose, drawing a long deep breath. "I saw Stanley today," he went on, after a moment's silence. "She was driving with Lady Hartop and one or two other ladies. My first impulse was to turn Miladi's head in another direction; but I conquered it, and passed them with a bow. I wonder if she thought it presumptuous in an outcast, such as I am, to bow to her. She had been laughing and talking a minute before; but she was grave enough when I passed, and she looked as if she had seen a ghost! Well, she has murdered all that is good in me, Nest," he added, bitterly; "so she may well look so at sight of me! But she was talking and laughing when I saw her!"

That was the only time he spoke of Stanley. But, as the days went on, a strange restlessness fell upon him; he ate little, he could not sleep, his mind was confused, he could settle down at nothing. Philip Cameron grew alarmed, and suggested travel and change of scene. They would go to Algiers for the winter; this change would be of benefit to Lady Sara, and African travel, he hoped, would have some charm for Hugh. Thus, before the house-parties at Eyncourt were broken up and dispersed, Brancepeth was closed, and Stanley could ride and drive with her guests without the fear, which had haunted her for so long, of meeting Hugh and betraying her anguish.

On the night of her arrival at Eyncourt, pretty dark eyed Lola had made her way to Stanley's dressing room with an expression of great sympathy upon her troubled face, which Stanley understood, although she gave no sign that she did so. Lola dared not break the silence which her cousin's reserve imposed upon her; and Stanley could not speak of the subject that was never out of her thoughts, she felt that only by this restraint could she prevent herself from breaking down. Even when she was alone in the solitude and darkness of night, she refused herself the relief of tears. It seemed to her that, if she gave vent to her feelings once, her composure would leave her for ever.

Lola's wistful eyes tried her cousin's composure sorely. She liked Lola, whose nature was true and tender, although she was not entirely untouched by her worldly bringing up, and who just now was all the more sympathetic because she was genuinely and heartily in love herself. Lady Bateman was quite aware of the fact; but, the object of Lola's affection being a decided "detrimental," she ignored it with a serene unconsciousness. Stanley never had spoken to her cousin with sympathy and kindness; and her promise to influence Sir Humphrey to make his intercession with Lady Bateman had won Lola's enthusiastic gratitude. Lola's pretty dark hair had been brushed and plaited neatly for some time before she rose to leave her cousin, and it was only then that she said shamefacedly—

"It was not because of Lady Beacham that Engagement was broken off, was it? Hugh never cared for her really."

For a moment Stanley was silent, then she said calmly—

"No—Lady Beacham had nothing to do with it, Lola." She stooped and touched her cousin's cheek with her lips. "Run away now, dear! You will get no beauty sleep; and—I did not tell you before because I wanted to surprise you—Captain Greville will be here to-morrow."

Stanley smiled at the gleam of delight in Lola's dark eyes.

"If you don't be off at once," she said gaily, "you will be looking fagged in the morning—and that will never do!"

She turned Lola out with a cheerful playfulness so admirably feigned that the pretty brunette did not detect its falsehood, and she ran off to her own room wondering and puzzled.

"I thought she loved him so much," she said to herself, as she put her head upon the soft pillows; "but she could not have loved him at all!"

If Lola Bateman's eyes could have pierced the walls which separated her room from Stanley's, she would have thought otherwise. The wound she had striven to conceal so gaily was bleeding afresh, and her cousin stood, deathly pale, with both hands pressed over her beating heart. Lady Beacham! She had forgotten her altogether since her return to Eyncourt; but Lola's words had brought back a score of painful memories. Did Lady Beacham know the truth? She had said Philip Cameron would decline the offer of the Baronetcy made to him. Did she know why he would refuse it? Would Hugh's admiration for her deepen into love now that he was free? And, if it did, how would she—Stanley—endure the thought of being forgotten—of Hugh happy in the love of so beautiful a wife? Lola never knew what bitter pain she had caused her cousin by the question she had so innocently asked.

From some of her guests at Eyncourt Stanley learned that Lady Beacham—who had accepted invitations to one or two great houses where house parties were assembled—had cancelled her engagements, excusing herself on the plea of ill health, and had returned to town. When, later on, Brancepeth was shut up and Stanley read in the local paper that Mr. and Lady Sara Cameron, Mr. H. Cameron, and Miss Cameron had left Brancepeth for London, she felt her grow suddenly cold and stiff. Would they meet? she wondered.

By the beginning of October Eyncourt was empty again, and a great stillness reigned once more in the beautiful old rooms. Stanley looked years older than her age, her father thought, as he turned with her into the great hall after the last guest had departed.

"They are all gone now," she said, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes," he answered, taking her little hand in his—"they are all gone, Stanley: there are only you and I left, my daughter."

She looked at him and smiled.

"Only you and I, father!" she repeated gently. "Is not that enough—only you and I for always?"

"Enough for me," he answered tenderly. "But for you, Stanley—will it be enough for you?"

"Yes," she said, with a loving steadfast look "quite enough, dear."

And then she went away, smiling at him lightly, and, going to the white drawing room, sat down by the fire still and quiet, with her hands lying on her lap. She was so tired, she said to herself with a sigh—so very tired!

But at dinner she wore her pretty pink gown and was bright and cheerful. She was making her sacrifice bravely and nobly as a Gerant should.

After the breaking up of the last house-party life was resumed on the usual lines at Eyncourt. Sir Humphrey and his daughter walked and rode and drove together. Sometimes the Baronet went out with his gun; but he rarely left Stanley unless obliged.

She never spoke of Hugh; but she found the days horribly dreary. The girl felt as if she had lost the dearest and best part of herself. She went about mechanically, she talked to her father and smiled when requisite, and sang and played to him; but there were times when, as she rose from the piano, she could not have said what song she had sung, what music she had played. Her pride had helped her for a time; but the stunning effect of the blow was almost over—she was beginning to realize all she had lost. All her wild-rose bloom had faded; the rich color in her lips had paled; her beauty was beginning to assume a character of severity and coldness painful to see in one so young.

The chill gray autumn days were pleasanter to her than June with its sunshine and roses would have been. There were times when she was conscious only of her unendurable agony, others when she rebelled passionately against the fate which had overtaken her. Once or twice she had experienced a sense of shame and horror at the thought of the disgrace she had so narrowly escaped. But more often her heart thrilled with all its old passionate love when the memories of her engagement came back to her in all their freshness—with a yearning so great that, had Hugh been at hand, she must have yielded to it, for a sight of him, the touch of his hands, of his lips, made her doubt whether she had been right to yield to her father's wish—whether she had not given him obedience at too great a price to herself—whether honor had not been too dearly purchased at the cost of happiness and peace.

And so the days went on until the 19th of October—the day on which Stanley was to have been married. It dawned with a balmy sunshine and a clearer sky than is usual at that season; but the girl turned wearily away from her window; the sunshine seemed to weigh upon her and made her feel cold and faint.

She was alone at Eyncourt that day. Sir Humphrey had gone away on business; he had not remembered the date which had been fixed for his daughter's marriage or he would not have left her.

She passed the greater part of the day in the white drawing-room; but late in the evening, after her solitary dinner was over, a fancy, sudden and inexplicable, came to her to go into the pretty old oak-panelled room she had shrunk from so long, and, acting on a sudden impulse, she crossed the hall and entered a long panelled corridor. Her hand shook as she stood before the carved oak-door and softly turned the handle. Her lips were almost white as she entered the room and turned the key in the lock. A couple of soft-shaded lamps were burning; a log-fire blazed cheerily on the open hearth, its flame reflected brightly on the shining old brass dogs and sadirons; a bowl of white chrysanthemums shone pale and pure on the old bureau; the curtains were closed.

Stanley stood by the bureau, a sombre stately figure. Her arms, bare from the elbow, had lost their pretty roundness; but they glistened snow-white against her black velvet dress; her cheeks were thin as well as pale, while her lips quivered with pain.

The long French windows were closed; but the curtains were not drawn. The servants had noticed that their young mistress avoided the room, and they had unbeknown to her, she would enter it that night. Without all was fair and still. There was no moon; but the stars were shining.

With very sorrowful eyes the girl looked about her. She had been so happy in this quaint old room, which now seemed quiet and mournful that it might have held the dead. She had studied here and practised in her girlhood; she had dreamed happy day-dreams here; she had read and wrote love letters; and it was here too that her heart beat high with happiness at the knowledge of Hugh Cameron's love for her. She remembered exactly how he looked as he turned from the piano and put out his hand to her.

"He sang, 'When first I saw your face,'" she said, half aloud.

She was faint and trembling as she stood there; the atmosphere of the room, warm with fire and lamp, seemed unbearably close. She made her way to one of the windows and threw it open. The cool fresh night-air revived her. She stood there motionless for a few moments, leaning against the window-frame; then she turned away.

At the same moment a man, who had been standing in the shadow without, came suddenly forward into the lamplight as it streamed out soft and clear into the darkness. At the sound of his heavy footstep she turned with a start.

"Stanley," said a hoarse, broken voice—"do not be frightened! It is I—Hugh!"

*(To be Continued.)*


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### The Prince's Mentor.

The death of Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce the other day recalls to mind the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada in the early sixties, during which trip her husband, General Bruce, was governor of the young prince in those days when he needed much governing. During this visit to Canada and the United States, the duties of General Bruce were most particularly delicate and difficult. The situation at that time was somewhat strained between the English and the Yankees. It was feared, therefore, that the visit to the Northern States of the heir apparent to the British throne might be fruitful of political complications and misunderstandings, and there can indeed be but little doubt that such would have been the case, had it not been for the exquisite tact and diplomacy of Lord Lyons and General Bruce.

These difficulties began at once, for when the committee of invitation from the United States waited upon the prince in Canada, it was to invite him to a grand banquet to be given in his honor in New York. Gen. Bruce and Lord Lyons both saw the great danger of this at once, but it was the former who took the bull by the horns and very delicately intimated to the American gentlemen that as His Royal Highness was yet but a mere lad he was too young to respond to toasts and that an importance might, in those troublesome times, be attached to his after-dinner spoken words which, as a boy, he might let slip; it would not really possess. "Couldn't you make it a ball instead of a dinner?" hinted the astute Bruce, and so a ball it was, that ball being given in New York when the floor gave way and when the present Lord Sandwich had the nose-bleed, thereby ruining the prince's dressing-room.

Then the question of precedence was a difficult one to settle in a country where there is no real aristocracy and where all men, woman and child thinks himself better, if anything, than his neighbor. Mrs. Governor A. thought she ought to dance with the prince before Mrs. General B., while Mrs. Judge C. and Mrs. Commodore D. both thought they had a prior claim. The feuds and bickerings and animosities and intrigues that all this gave rise to in Gotham, bade fair at one time to assume the alarming proportions of a general conflagration (one young lady actually purchased a revolver wherewith to punish another young lady who was put down to dance with his royal highness before herself!) and it was only due to the care of General Bruce that no very serious catastrophe took place.

Then, again, came the chapter of flirtations to settle. The Prince was young, good-looking and decidedly inclined to be frisky; and the American ladies were then, as now, very beautiful and charming, and by no manner of means averse to smiling upon Albert Edward. The situation was rather like that of a lighted match in a gunpowder magazine; and here, again, General Bruce and Lord Lyons had all the work they wanted to do. But the Prince managed to enjoy himself thoroughly, and break the necessary number of hearts both in Canada and in the States without any scandal; and things on the whole passed off smoothly and pleasantly, thanks to the gentleman whose widow died so suddenly the other day.

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Fleurette, the little French maid, contrives at the critical moment to exchange the old lady's dressing case for that of the Count, with results better imagined than described, and triumphantly has her young mistress married to her lover under the very nose of the old lady, who she concealed under a shawl, and spite of her rage and despair dares not move for fear of discovery. The arrival of the old Count, also deprived of all his usual embellishments and charms, caps the climax.

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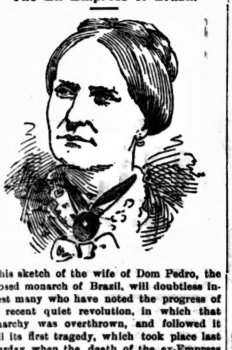
## The Ex-Empress of Brazil.



This sketch of the wife of Dom Pedro, the deposed monarch of Brazil, will doubtless interest many who have noted the progress of the recent quiet revolution, in which that monarchy was overthrown, and followed it until its first tragedy, which took place last Saturday, when the death of the ex-Empress took place at Oporto, in Portugal. Theresa Christina Maria, ex-Empress of Brazil, was the daughter of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. She was born on March 14, 1822, and she married Dom Pedro II. on September 4, 1843. The couple had four children, only one of whom survives—the present Countess d'Eu. While the Empress did not occupy as warm a place in the affections of the Brazilian people as did her husband, it was chiefly because she was personally not so well known to them. She was a cultured, liberal-minded woman, and she sympathized with her husband in his efforts to secure a free and enlightened government for his subjects.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This will be followed by the delightful comedy of False Charms, written especially for Marie Hubert Frohman. The action is laid in France and the plot hinges upon the schemes of a French maid to assist her young mistress to elope and also to play a trick upon said mistress' grand-mother. The piece is not unlike one of the good old time comedies but contains infinitely more life than the majority, and it is precisely this briskness that is its chief charm.

The company is under the personal direction of Mr. Gustave Frohman to whom the amusement loving public of America are deeply indebted for the many meritorious productions he has organized for their amusement and instruction. The sale of seats will begin Monday at the box office of the Grand Opera House.

### The Power of a Plugged Nickel.

A tall man with a dark mustache and imperial got into a south-bound Broadway car at Twenty-second street the other day, and took a seat about midway up the car. When the conductor came for his fare the man fished a nickel from his pocket. The conductor looked at the coin sharply and passed it back again.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"It's plugged," said the conductor.

The man put a pair of eyeglasses on his nose and critically surveyed the nickel. He found that the conductor was correct, and handed him a good nickel. He was about to put the bad one back into his pocket when he noticed that every one in the car was looking at him. He turned red, hesitated, and finally dropped the nickel slyly on the floor. Every one saw him do it, but every one tried to appear as if he didn't notice it. The nickel lay on the floor in plain sight, but no one would look at it. All seemed to think that they would appear as if they coveted it if they did. Every one seemed quite uncomfortable. Two or three men tried to read, but they couldn't concentrate their attention on their newspapers. The conductor passed over the nickel once, or twice, and tried not to notice it.

At Fourteenth street a man got in and was about to sit down, when he espied the nickel. He picked it up and tried to hand it to an old gentleman with a red face and a white mustache, saying, "You dropped this, sir."

"No, I didn't," said the old gentleman, with a laugh.

Then everybody laughed, as if greatly relieved. The man who had picked up the nickel looked closely at it, turned bright crimson, and dropped it again. Everybody saw him, but whichever way he looked he saw only averted faces. The people would glance slyly at him from the corners of their eyes and then look away again very quickly. Again no one looked at the nickel, although every man there knew to a nicety just where it lay. It stayed in the same place on the floor until the car stopped just above Chambers street. Here the conductor told the passengers to take the next car, as that one was going to switch off and go up town again. As they left the car the passengers took a last glance at the plugged nickel, but no one touched it. It started up town again, and all the passengers went down town with that nickel weighing heavily on their minds.

### How to See the Wind.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large handsaw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day for the experiment, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy; only let it not be in murky, rainy weather. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—*i. e.*, if the winds is north hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about forty-two degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge, as the water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge some minutes at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Make your observations carefully and you will hardly ever fail in the experiment; the results are even better if the sun is obscured.

### "Pa's Hired Man."

A rough, plainly-dressed man was standing at the rear of the Dorsey residence industriously beating an old white mule with the end of a plank. The old mule bore the ordeal patiently for a time, but at last "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and he raised his heels in righteous indignation and kicked and squirmed heroically and made things fly in a general way.

Finally, the commotion became so great that the folks in the house—or at least the young folks in the back parlor—were attracted by the noise, and Katy Dorsey's new beau, Walter De Land, arose from his seat at the window and exclaimed:

"My gracious, Katy! Who is that man in your back yard beating that mule so cruelly?"

"That man," answered Katy, as her face colored; why—he—that's pa's hired man. Why do you ask, Walter?"

"Why do I ask? Oh, Katy! is your heart like stone? See how that wretch is beating that poor dumb animal!"

"The mule is used to it," said Katy, faintly.

"Used to it? Oh! Katy—to torture a poor dumb brute in such a manner. It is outrageous!"

"But, Walter," pleaded Katy; "the mule—"

"No! No! Katy; don't intercede for the wretch—don't palliate his offense! Your kind heart will kill you yet."

"I can't help it, Walter; let us go into the front parlor and avoid the disagreeable scene."

"No! no!" replied Walter, firmly. "I cannot do it! I must protest—I must;" and before the amazed Katy could restrain him, Walter rushed out the side door and ran towards the stable.

"Hold! Hold!" he shouted. "Cease to beat that mule—cease, I tell you!"

The man paused, and seemed bewildered.

"Do you hear me?" shouted Walter.

"Hear you?" inquired the man.

"Yes; hear me!" repeated Walter.

"Sir," said the man, as he laid down the plank; "do you know whom you are talking to?"

"Yes," answered Walter, "I do. I am talking to an insolent hireling and an inhuman brute!"

"You are?"

"Yes, sir, I am; and moreover—"

Walter did not finish, for the "inhuman brute" caught him by the coat collar, shook him as a cat would a mouse, and rushed him along the pathway toward the front gate. The unfortunate youth's waiting apparel was considerably deranged, and as he ran by the parlor window he heard Katy's plaintive voice within, faintly crying:

"O, Pa-pa! Pa-pa! Don't! Don't!"—*Texas Siftings.*

### Life in Pizen Creek.

Missionary (just arrived, to the Mayor of Pizen Creek)—I am very sorry to find that there is no suitable place for a young man to spend his evenings. I mean to try and——

Mayor Rattler (becoming excited)—Smitten Washington! no place for a young man to spend his evenings, hey! Ain't you heard of my square faro bank on Chofeau avenue! There's a place for a young man to stay all night if he's got the dust and the sand! Roaring Jehosophat, what's your idea of a suitable resort for a young man?—*Texas Siftings.*

### Not Hard.

The conductor of a Chicago cable car approached a hard-visaged woman and asked for her fare.

"Go on with you, now, I've paid you once," said the woman.

"No you haven't."

"Yes, I have."

"Give me a nickel, or I'll put you off."

"Do if you dare."

The conductor stopped the car and put her off.

"Rather a hard thing to do," said one of the passengers, "but it served her right, I suppose."

"Oh," the conductor smilingly answered, "it wasn't hard for me to do, for it isn't often that I have a chance to get even with her. She is my wife."

### He Wanted Something Big.

Dude—Show me some walking-sticks.

Clerk (showing a small cane)—How would something of this sort do?

Dude—Me dash fellah, I didn't ask you for a toothpick, did I?

### Divert His Thoughts.

A medical journal contends that it is a cruelty to ask on entering a sick room, "How are you to-day?" and "How do you do?" and the like. It is better to divert the thoughts of the patient from his condition, and ask him to "Come out and take a beer!" or "Where's McGinty?" or something that way—though the medical journal aforesaid doesn't say so.—*Norristown Herald.*

### Won Her Bet.

Miss Tiny (an agile coryphee)—I will bet a bottle of champagne that I can kick higher than that chandelier.

Jack—I'll take the bet.

"You've lost. That chandelier can't kick at all."

(Bet paid.)—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

### Conclusive Evidence.

Little Willy—Is that the papa swan, or the mamma swan?

Father—Which do you mean?

"Why, the poor thing that's had the feathers pecked off the top of its head, and that isn't allowed to have none of the biscuit, nor nothing."

(Sadly.)—"That's the papa swan, Willie."

### Hadn't Come Down.

Burrough (handing Mrs. Flapjack a check at the breakfast table)—Hasn't Robinson come down yet?

Mrs. Flapjack—No, sir; not for four weeks.

### Labor Item.

A bricklayer having a brick in his hands when the clock struck five, instead of dropping it like a hot potato, proceeded to lay it in the wall, whereupon another bricklayer howled:

"Say, Pat, is it all night that yer goin' ter wurruk!"


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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock in this institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, Adelaide Street West, on and after

Wednesday, the 15th Day of January Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 15th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board.

E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

Toronto, December 23, 1889.

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### Out of Town.

BARRIE.

One of the gayest impromptu dances this season was given at the residence of Mr. Daniel Spry on Christmas night. The drawing-room was cleared for dancing, so with good music and merry making the evening was spent in quite a festive manner until the small hours. Mrs. Spry welcomed and received the guests. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Makid, Mr. Wray of Hamilton, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, the Misses Mason, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. E. A. Mitchell, Miss Cotter, Mr. F. Hewson, Messrs. A. and H. McVittie, Mr. L. and Miss K. McCarthy, Mr. H. Beard, Mr. A. Dyment, the Misses Henderson, Miss Crowe of Chatham, and Mr. T. Schreiber.

Quite a merry party went from town on January 1 by special car to attend the assembly at Aurora, given by the bachelors of that place. A very pleasant time was spent by all, and it was not until hours which are said to be those of the morning that the homeward journey was taken. Those who participated in the pleasures of this event were Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, the Misses Mason, Mr. Boys, Miss Cotter, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. F. Lauder, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. McVittie, Mr. F. Wray of Hamilton, Mr. Beard, Miss H. Bird, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Mr. H. Kortright, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. A. Dyment, Mr. E. B. Morton, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. F. Baker, Mr. T. Schreiber and Mr. G. Fraser.

A very pleasant At Home was given at Bellevue, on January 3. The drawing-room was cleared for dancing, so the young people enjoyed themselves for a few hours. Those present were: Mr. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. F. H. Lauder, the Misses Mason, Miss Cotter, Mr. F. Wray of Hamilton, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. A. McVittie, Miss McCarthy, Miss L. Irwin of Kingston, Mr. W. and Miss Spotton, Mr. G. Fraser, Mr. F. and the Misses Baker, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss Holmes, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss K. Stevenson, Messrs. E. and C. Bird, Mr. H. Arnall and Mr. V. Meeking.

Sunnyside was the scene of a gay party on Monday evening last, when Mrs. Baker gave an impromptu dance. About twenty five were present, viz.: Miss G. Tremayne of Buffalo, Mr. H. Beard, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss Hornsby, Mr. W. Spry, Miss T. Mason, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. L. and Miss McCarthy, Miss L. Irwin of Kingston, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. Gillett, Mr. F. Wray of Hamilton, Mr. T. Boys, the Misses Henderson, Miss Holmes, Messrs. E. and C. Bird.

Mr. J. Forsyth gave a small card party last Monday night.

Will give a full account of the ball in next week's issue. OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

The dance given by Mrs. Elliott on Thursday evening, Dec. 25, was a great success. The large parlors were well filled with the young guests and dancing was kept up till the early morning.

Mr. Hornibrook of the Bank of Commerce has removed to Toronto.

Mr. F. Strong of the Merchants' Bank of Winnipeg was married on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 6, to Miss M. Rosalind Denmark at her father's residence. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. George of John street Presbyterian Church. The wedding was very quiet, only a few immediate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Strong left on the evening train for Winnipeg. The presents were numerous and handsome.

The ball to be given at the Oddfellows' Hall on Friday, by the Bachelors, will be one of the affairs of the season.

A Girls' Walking Club is one of our latest institutions. Miss Alice Bell, Miss Kelso and Miss Bessie Kelso are the promoters.

Mr. T. C. Jamieson took a short business trip to New York last week.

Mrs. George Dickson is in Toronto in attendance on her husband, who is still very low.

Miss Isabel Mathison is spending the holidays with friends in Madoc.

Mr. Hinds of the Merchants' Bank is ill with intermittent fever.

Mrs. McGinn spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Bleasdell, at Trenton.

BRANTFORD.

A brilliant party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates on Brant avenue on Monday evening, December 30, in honor of Mr. Harry Yates and Mr. Dunlop, who are spending the Christmas holidays in Brantford. The house was beautifully decorated with everegreens, holly and mistletoe. The supper was excellent, and altogether the affair was one of the most successful and enjoyable ever given in Brantford. Mrs. Yates, who makes a charming hostess, received her guests in an exceedingly pretty and becoming gown of mauve silk, and notwithstanding the fact that there were many pretty girls present, it was generally acknowledged that the hostess carried off the palm as the belle of the evening. Among the strangers present were Miss Campbell and Miss Ross of Toronto, Miss Poussette of Sarnia, Miss E. Morton of Hamilton, Miss E. Pa on of Chester, England, Miss Black of Winnipeg, Mr. Dunlop and Mr. Harry Yates of Montreal, Mr. Alf. Jones of Toronto, and Mr. Layton of Ottawa. The Brantford guests were Mrs Henry Yates, Mr. and Mrs. H. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Osborne, Miss Hewitt, Miss Nelles, Miss Goodson, Miss Green, Miss Goold, Miss Pike, Miss Bell, Miss Hossie, Miss Smythe, Miss Haycock, Miss Johnson, Miss Van Norman, Miss Duncan, Miss Fair and Miss Byrne, the Messrs. Pyke, Johnson, Morton, Nelles, Mackenzie, C. Hardy, Kilmaster, W. Wilkes, Goold, Minty, Watt, Dunnan, Hewitt, Wallace, Smith, Boswell, Allen, Fair, Brown and Dr. Henwood.

OTTAWA.

The following items arrived too late for insertion last week:

Monday evening last was the occasion of one of the most pleasant dances that have ever been given here. The hostess was Mrs. Clayton of Daly avenue. The guests were all young people, which, no doubt, added somewhat to the hilarity of the evening.

On Tuesday evening the now famous Raquette Court was once more the scene of an "Old and New Year" dance, given by Mrs. Thomas Cross of Wilbrod street. About five hundred invitations were issued, of which some three hundred were accepted. At midnight, as the bell of St. George's Church (opposite the Raquette Court) was tolling the death knell of the year 1889, all joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne. This, however, was but a very short interruption to the continuous dancing that lasted till nearly 3 o'clock. This ball was unanimously pronounced to have come up to any of the previous Raquette Court dances. Among those present were noticed Miss Slater, Capt. MacMahon, the Hon. Arthur Stanley and Mr. Eric Streatfeild, all of Government House, and the Misses Fraser and Powell of Toronto.

The ancient custom of New Year's day calling was not dropped this year, despite the fact that the rain poured so incessantly as to render the roads almost impassable. His Excellency the Governor General held the usual *levee* at his offices in Eastern Block, which was very largely attended. His staff consisted of Capt. Colville, the military secretary, and Capt. MacMahon, A. D.C., and the principal military officers of the city, together with the Cabinet Ministers.

Receptions were also held by Sir John and Lady Macdonald, assisted by Miss Katie Cameron of Stadacona Hall, at Earnscliffe; and by His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, at his palace.

Hon. John and Mrs. Carling gave a small dinner on New Year's evening.

On New Year's day dances were given by Mrs. McCullough of Wilbrod street, and Mrs. J. Stewart of Elgin street. Mrs. C. H. Mackintosh of Daly avenue was also At Home to a few friends the same evening.

Invitations are out for a dance to be given on January 14, by Mrs. Richard Pope of Gilmour street.

Innumerable afternoon teas and luncheons have been given during the last ten days, in honor of the cadets of the Royal Military College who are now in town.

Invitations are out for the usual state dinner on January 16, the day of the opening of Parliament, by His Excellency. Her Excellency has also issued the usual invitations for an At Home the same evening.

Miss Lay, the eldest daughter of the Consul-General of the United States, has arrived in Ottawa. Miss Lay was considered of late one of the belles of Washington, D. C.

HAMILTON.

The ball given by the Commercial Travelers' Association of the city, on Friday, Dec. 27, was a decided success both in point of attendance and the smoothness and brilliancy with which everything went off. The decorations of the armory, where the ball was held, were similar to those in use at the late Masonic ball, with a few exceptions. The Masonic emblems were, of course, removed and replaced by quantities of evergreen and hundreds of bright colored banners and mottoes. Two magnificent evergreen bells hung pendant from the ceiling and were entwined with flowers. A handsome crown surmounted the entrance arch and the dark background of the evergreen hedge separating the supper-room from the ball-room, was considerably brightened by beautiful flowers. The attendance was the largest of any event of the kind, there being about 800 people present and among them were represented a large part of the beauty and elite of the city. About 8.30 the band of the 13th Battalion played the following short programme in their usual inimitable manner:

| | |
|---|---|
| Overture—Barber of Seville | Rossini |
| Selection—Erminie | Verdi |
| The Vacant Chair (euphonium solo) | Robinson |
| Patrol—The Guard Mount | Eilenberg |

The band then took a position in the west gallery, from whence they rendered delightful music as an accompaniment to the tripping feet of the merrymakers who danced the hours away with what seemed to be lightning-like rapidity. Among those who were present, these were noticed: Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, pink silk and mulle, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Domville, canary-colored satin, feather trimmings; Miss Leggatt, white net and moire; Miss Roach, white china silk; Miss Rennie, black net, white fringe; Mrs. Steele, electric blue silk, black lace and steel trimming, ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. George Hamilton, blue velvet and steel, ornaments diamonds; Miss L. Roach, salmon satin; Mrs. Rodgers of Buffalo, crimson satin and tulle, ornaments diamonds; Miss Dallas, black satin, La Tosca net trimming; Miss Morgan, pale green satin and silver lace; Miss Cook, black net and cream feathers; Miss Annie Cook, black velvet and pink; Miss L. Roach, yellow China silk; Miss Martin, pink satin; Mrs. B. Young, black lace; Mrs. F. Armstrong, black satin and jet; Mrs. Brown, black net and jet; Mrs. Fenwick, black satin and lace; Mrs. Kelk, golden brown plush and satin; Mrs. Young, pink silk and moire satin; Mrs. McKay, black satin with jet and steel; Mrs. Doran, black satin; Miss Doran, cream cashmere; Miss Springer, black moire and tulle; Mrs. W. Mills, pink silk; Mrs. Blachford, cream silk, gold embroidery; Mrs. Logie Stewart, black lace; Miss Billings, green China silk with cream silk bodice; Mrs. James Eagan, cream brocaded silk; Miss Gay green silk and plush; Mrs. Duffield, black lace; Mrs. Calder, black satin and lace, ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. Judd, black satin and net with green; Mrs. J. McArthur, black silk; Mrs. W. R. McCraye, white silk, pearls and lace; Mrs. Frank Wanzer, black net with steel; Mrs. Ball, brown plush, yellow satin trimmings; Mrs. Baines, pink satin; Mrs. McLeod, Woodstock, cream satin, gold trimmings; Miss O'Reilly, brown China silk; Miss Moore, China silk; Miss Martin, canary satin and flowers; Mrs. A. Gates, black net, cream ribbon; Mrs. Leslie, black satin; Mrs. Neil McLean, blue silk and net, with diamonds; Mrs. A. Jenkins, cream Henrietta cloth, with pearls; Miss Fairgrieve, pink silk and white silk fringe; Mrs. Murray, black silk; Mrs. Vernon, black silk, pink feathers; Mrs. Lamb, pink silk; Miss Leslie, canary silk; Miss Furnival, black satin and net; Mrs. Humphrey, apple green, silk ivy trimmings; Miss Henwood of Toronto, white cashmere, canary satin trimming; Miss J. Henwood of Toronto, black velvet; Miss Cahill, blue silk grenadine; Miss Sarah Cahill, white silk; Miss Coiser, pale yellow and silk; Miss Vantasser of Clinton, black net and lace; Miss Lillie Kraft, white net with white satin trimmings; Miss Fairgrieve, black net and satin; Mrs. Jack Hamilton, white silk with white satin trimmings; Miss Hamilton, white brocaded silk with white satin trimmings. A number were present from Toronto, among them Messrs. A. A. Allen and John Burns, president and vice-president of the Dominion Travelers' Association; H. L. Davidson, W. R. Mosey, J. G. Galbraith, Harry Moss, Ed. Burns, A. B. Cornwallop, F. Turner and J. Walker. The officers and stewards were as follows: E. A. Dalley, chairman; W. G. Reid, treasurer; W. S. Duffield, secretary; Harry Wright, E. J. Fenwick, H. J. Bedlington, John Hooper, P. T. McCullough, J. Lennox, James Leslie, J. Gow, J. Gardiner, E. E. W. Moore, H. H. Davis, Robert Griffith, J. H. Herring, Charles A. Davies, D. Morton, jr., Alex. Harvey, F. F. Daily, George Hamilton, J. McPherson, F. Johnson, A. G. Osborne, Fred Buscombe. The programme of dances was a lengthy one, the grand march at 9.30 being led by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dalley and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Reid.


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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

#### Births.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on January 5, Mrs. W. A. Hamilton—a daughter.

LAING—At Windsor, Ont., on January 6, Mrs. F. H Laing—a son.

COWAN—At Toronto, on January 3, Mrs. John A. Cowan—a dau hter.

GWYNNE—On January 1, Mrs. William D. Gwynne—a son.

SYMONDS—At Toronto, on January 4, Mrs. Symonds—a daughter (premature.)

SCARLETT—On January 1, Mrs. E. W. Scarlett—a son.

BATES—At Toronto, on January 2, Mrs. W. H. Bates—a son.

LANCASTER—At St. Catharines, on January 4, Mrs. E A. Lancaster—a daughter.

VALE—At Toronto, on January 5, Mrs. Wm. M. Vale—a son.

STEWARD—At Toronto, on December 25, Mrs. G. T. Steward—a son.

BEER—On J anuary 1, Mrs. J. I. Beer—a daughter.

THOMPSON—At Parkdale, on January 2, Mrs. Joseph Thompson—a daughter.

HUSBAND—At Newtonbrook, on January 3, Mrs. A. J. Husband—a daughter.

PEPLER—At Barrie, on January 4, Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler—a son.

OSBORNE—At Hamilton, on January 6, Mrs. Bryson Osborne—a son.

BEATTY—At Toronto, on January 7, Mrs E. Percy Beatty—a son.

BOWMAN—At Cold Springs, on January 6, Mrs John Bowman—triplets

#### Marriages.

BROWN—MACKENZIE—At the Central Presbyterian Church, on January 7, by Rev. Dr. McTavish, Wm. Herbert Brown (Sert) to Gertrude Mackenzie, only daughter of Wm. Mackenzie.

BOWN—HORTON—At Owen Sound, on January 1, James J. Brown, M. D., to Alma Uretta Horton.

ROBINSON—KAAKE—At El g, on January 1, George A. Robinson to Mary Edva Kaake.

DRAKE—STEVENSON—At Cayuga, on December 31, Frederick P. Drake, M.D., to Emma Frances Stevenson.

BOYD—GORING—At Toronto, on January 7, George Boyd to Florence Ethel Goring.

routliffe—shaw—At Port Credit, on January 1, Charles H. Routliffe of Hancock, Minn., to Myrtle Allen Shaw.

GALE—DOBSON—At Bowmanville, on January 3, Adelbert H Gale to Katie M. Dobson.

CONNING—ALISON—At Toronto, on January 1, J. S. Conning to Maggie Alison.

WEST—BOYLE—At Dunnville, on January 2, Thomas Ward to Annie E. Boyle.

MOYER—STRICKER—At D-troit, Mich., on January 1, J. W. Moyer of Ottawa to L. Stricker of Waterloo.

MILLER—McWILLIAMS—At Peterborough, on January 1, W. H. Miller of Rochester, N. Y., to Millie McWilliams

GORDON—ARMOUR—At Cobourg, on January 1, Stewart Gordon of Portland, Oregon, to Grace Armour.

STEWART—BONHAM—At Brittania, on December 19, J. Stewart of Toronto to L. A. Bonham.

BADGE—EADIE—At Toronto, on December 31, Dr. A. Badge to Eva R. Eadie.

GLASSFORD—CRASTON—At Caledon East, on January 1, Rev. R. J. H. Glassford to Agnes E. Craston.

HELME—GLADMAN—On January 1, R. Helme to E. Carrie Gladman.

PHILP—POWER—At Cartwright, on January 1, James H. Philp, B.A., to Maggie G. Power.

PROCTOR—SHARPE—At Cannington, on January 1, George A. Proctor of Beaverton to Florence Sharpe.

MITCHELL—TINGE—At Toronto, on December 18, Sam uel Mitchell to Elizabeth Tinge.

WELLS—HAWLEY—At Topeka, Kansas, on December 3, Ralph Evans Wells to Frances Grace Hawley.

#### Deaths.

HOAR—At Bowmanville, on January 6, John Hoar, sr., aged 71 years.

CHADWICK—At Toronto, on January 5, Jane S. Chadwick, aged 61 years.

DEVLIN—At Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on January 1, Mrs. J. E. Devlin.

HUNT—At Toronto, on January 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, aged 55 years.

YOUNG—At Toronto, on January 5, John Young, jr., aged 26 years.

CARTER—At Hamilton, on January 5, Mrs. James Carter, aged 77 years.

BURNS—At Maple, on January 2, Mrs. Amy Burns, aged 74 years.

BOWERING—At Toronto, on January 2, George Bowering, aged 35 years.

CHESTNUT—At Hamilton, on January 2, Annie Brodie Chestnut.

HATCH—At Toronto, on January 5, Edmund Gallington Hatch, aged 19 years.

MASON—On January 5, Francis J. Mason, aged 28 years.

SPARLING—At Toronto, on January 3, Jessie Sparling.

THOMPSON—At Parkdale, on January 3, Mrs. Joseph P. Thompson.

CHAFFEY—At Alleghany City, Pa., on December 21, W. B. Chaffey, aged 31 years.

ANSLEY—At Montreal, on December 28, James Crosbie Ansley, aged 61 years.

HUNTER—At Ogden, Utah, on December 31, Dr. James B. Hunter.

WALLACE—At Parkdale, on January 3, Mrs Janet Wallace.

BOLSTER—At Toronto, Florence Bolster, aged 23 years.

MACLEAN—At Toronto, on January 6, John Cumming Maclean, aged 29 years.

BEYDON—At Milverton, on January 2, Joseph Brydon, aged 63 years.

NEELY—At Toronto, Susana McLeod, aged 17 years.

TIVENEN—At Toronto, on January 7, Mrs. Catherine Tivenen.

KEEFER—At Brockville, on January 7, Samuel Keefer, aged 79 years.

McKINEY—At Caledon, on December 30, William McKaney, aged 72 years

BRAYLEY—At Philadelphia, on January 4, Mrs. James Brayley.

MULLHOLLAND—At Toronto, on January 6, Miss Bell Mulholland.

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8 doz Clouds, extra large, at 85c., Ball Ends.

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15 doz. Fine Wool Squares, in White, Cream and Apricot, 50c.
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